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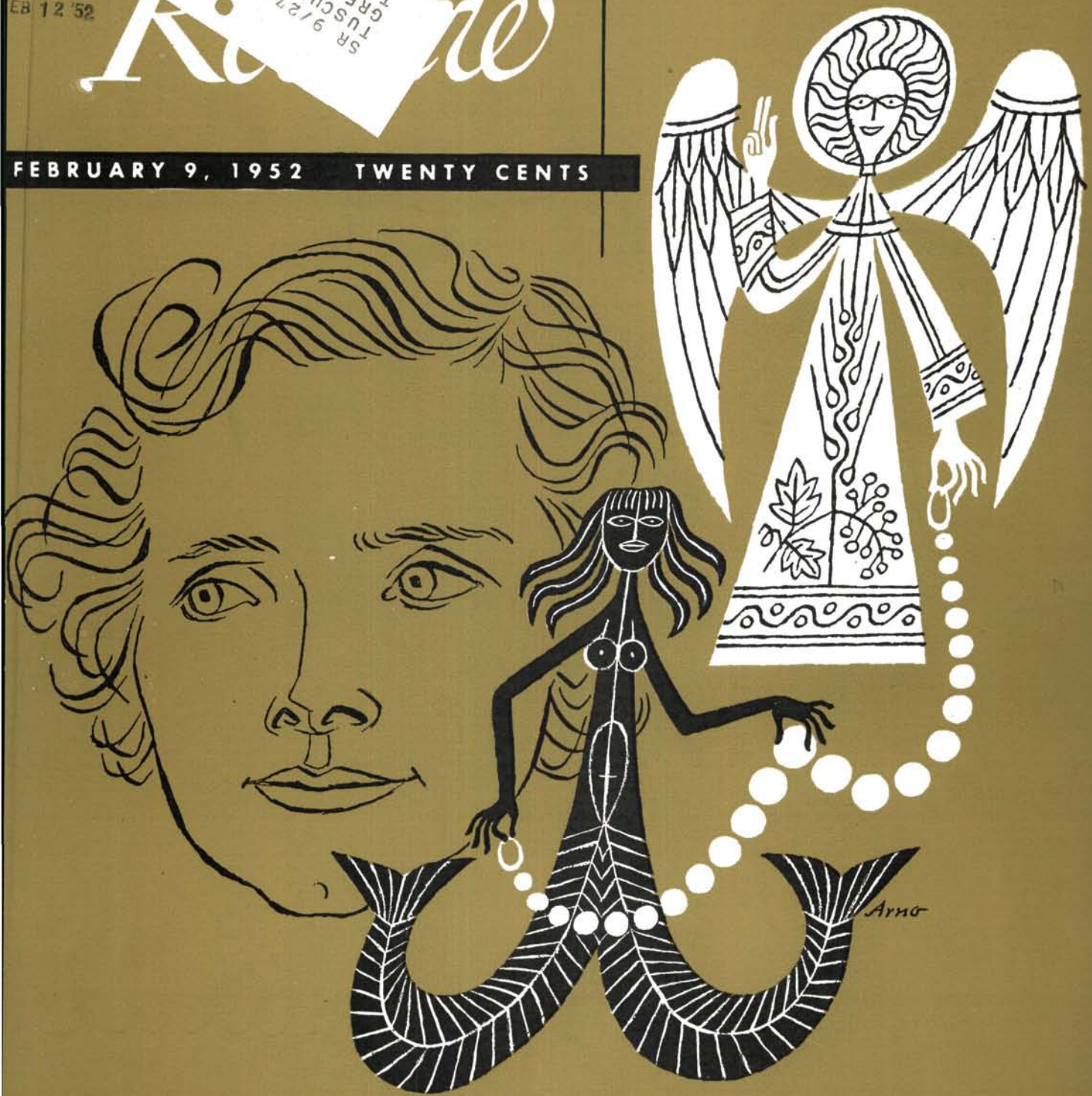

Daphne du Maurier, author of "My Cousin Rachel." *(See page 10)*

The Idea of the Soldier

By DAVID L. COHN

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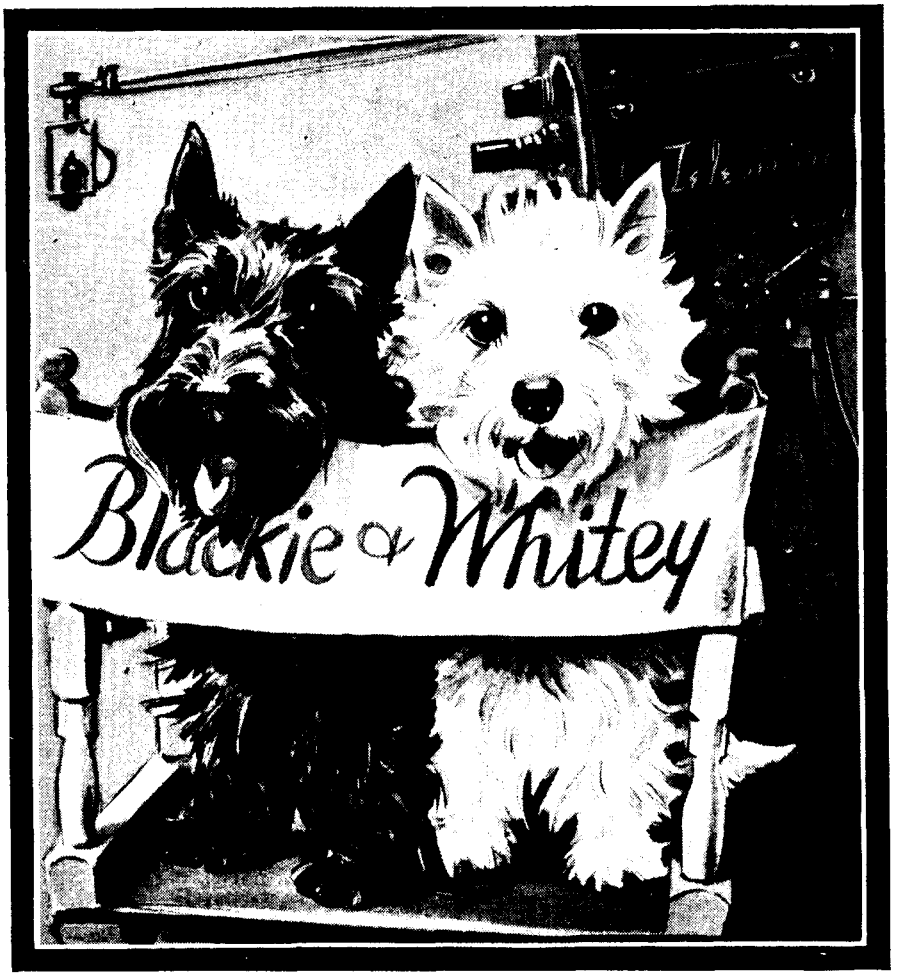
THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXV, No. 6, February 9, 1952. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1952 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.



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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

THERE is nothing like a couple of rousing new best sellers to step up the volume of the country's bookstores, and proprietors are rubbing their hands gleefully over the impending publication of John Steinbeck's "East of Eden," Whittaker Chambers's "Witness," Edna Ferber's "Giant," C. S. Forester's "Lieutenant Hornblower," the James Thurber "Album," and S. N. Behrman's "Duveen." The new Du Maurier novel, "My Cousin Rachel," already shapes up as a shoo-in. Coming later in the season are new novels by Ernest Hemingway and Aldous Huxley—and, of course, if all else fails, there's always Mickey Spillane. For publishers, snappy days are here again.

● ● Aldous Huxley, incidentally, wrote a book a few years ago advocating special exercises for the eyes instead of glasses for people afflicted with near- and far-sightedness. Mr. Huxley is extremely near-sighted himself, and I think he might tell readers how his radical experiment worked out in his own case. Meanwhile, there is a sad story in circulation about a very near-sighted porcupine who disdained glasses and had a very frustrating experience as a result —making love to a cactus plant.

● ● One book Crowell's sales staff never tires of looking at with prospective customers is John Rawlings's "100 Studies of the Figure." It looms as one of the firm's richest current assets.

● ● In Paris, Taylor Caldwell, whose latest book is "The Devil's Advocate," went to a dentist and asked to have her teeth cleaned. The dentist asked, "Which ones?" It developed that French dentists charge by the tooth, and that since only the front teeth show, many frugal Parisians confine operations to that region. Miss Caldwell, no piker she, ordered the works.

● ● It was in Hartford, Conn., points out Edwin Valentine Mitchell, that the patter of the childish feet of *SRL*'s Harrison Smith, Scribner's Norman Snow, and Doubleday's Tommy Thomas once rang out in unison. Furthermore, he boasts, Baker and Taylor and the A. S. Barnes Company originated there. Hartford is also the city, Ed, where Lou Gehrig put in his pre-Yankee licks as a larruping first-sacker, and where Fox's inimitable Bea Auerbach ships certain favorites (I used to be one) occasional basketfuls of red, luscious apples.

● ● In Asheville, N. C., reports Elise Morrow, the Pack Memorial Library sought quotes from big brass to round out an exhibit of Sandburgiana. Back came a letter from Senator Tom Connally of Texas that read:

> The entire nation mourned the recent passing of our beloved poet, Carl Sandburg, who illuminated for us the rich heritage of our American past and the living spirit of freedom which sets our people apart in the world.
>
> While no words of mine can add luster to his immortal fame, I am glad to join with your people of Asheville in paying personal tribute to your late neighbor and friend.

Carl Sandburg himself was vastly amused by the letter. "Sort of like going to a preview," he remarked.

● ● At Massachusetts Institute of Technology some weeks ago, reports Merle Miller, an English class studied "Babbitt." In the test that followed, students were asked, "Would you rather be Sinclair Lewis or George Babbitt?" Ninety per cent said they would rather be Babbitt! Another question was, "Is there anything wrong with Babbitt as a person?" Most of the class didn't think so, though one student thought he ought to have been making more money, and another complained, "The trouble with Babbitt was: he didn't have any hobbies."

● ● In Harper's, editors await the translation of "A Handful of Blackberries," Ignazio Silone's first novel in ten years. Another likely Harper prospect, for early fall, is a new novel by Joyce Cary, called "Prisoners of Grace."

● ● At one of those unbearably fancy new candy stores on Fifth Avenue, seemingly modeled after the boudoir of a big-time French courtesan, the wife of the editor of a Jewish newspaper wandered in to sample the wares. "I'll take five pounds of those chocolates over there," she decided. "Modom means the bon bons, no doubt," a suave clerk in a cutaway corrected gently. "I also would like five pounds of those cookies," continued the lady. "Ah," breathed the clerk, "our petits fours. Shall we deliver your purchase in our Rolls limousine now drawn up before the portals?" "Nah," said the lady. "I'll carry it home myself." This was too much for the elegant clerk. "Don't be silly," he burst out. "Why schlepp a package that big around the streets?"

● ● In Boston, the *Globe*'s drama desk stands in such awe of Houghton Mifflin's elegant Dale Warren that it headlined the story of the Conservatory Theatre's excursion into Shaviana as "New Production of Mister Warren's Profession."

● ● In Los Angeles, an author waxed so indignant over the lower royalty rates proposed by his hard-pressed publisher that he answered, "I have changed the name of the miserable little checks you send me from 'royalties' to 'peasantries'."

● ● At Macmillan's, Harold Latham, a pillar of the firm for forty-three years (he is the man who bagged "Gone with the Wind" on a scouting trip in Atlanta), is retiring on March first, and will then embark on a luxury cruise around the world. Mr. Latham's memoirs would make a rich contribution to publishing lore, could he be persuaded to shoot the works.

● ● In New Orleans, Frances Parkinson Keyes entertained William Faulkner at dinner. What a collector's item a taped recording of that evening's conversation would be!

● ● In New Haven, the proprietor of the Yale Co-op, brooding over successive debacles suffered by Eli gridiron stalwarts at the hands of Princeton, pointedly gave a big window display to "Modern Single Wing Football" by Charles W. Caldwell, Jr. Mr. Caldwell is the Princeton coach.

● ● A small come-on ad in a Paris newspaper recently brought rich rewards to the bookseller who inserted it. "What every young girl should know best before she weds," promised

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ERIC HOFFER is a longshoreman. He is the *only* longshoreman whose name and work are becoming familiar to economists and to educators, to philosophers, to world leaders, and to lively minds on two continents. For Eric Hoffer is also a writer of perhaps very great importance.

Of his life

This middle-aged dock worker has written of his early life: "I had no schooling. I was practically blind up to the age of fifteen. When my eyesight came back I was seized with an enormous hunger for the printed word. I read indiscriminately everything within reach — English and German. When my father died I realized that I would have to fend for myself. I knew several things: One, that I didn't want to work in a factory; two, that I couldn't stand being dependent on the good graces of a boss; three, that I was going to stay poor; four, that I had to get out of New York . . ."

Through ten years as a migratory worker and later as a longshoreman, Eric Hoffer continued to read and to write. He had library cards in a dozen towns along the railroad, and when he was in pocket he took a room near a library for concentrated thinking and writing. In this way he educated himself. And out of these experiences, this reading and thinking and writing, came his first book, THE TRUE BELIEVER.

Of his book

Published just a year ago, THE TRUE BELIEVER got off to a modest start (from a sales standpoint) — in spite of the publisher's claim that it "is one of the boldest ventures in original thinking since Machiavelli's THE PRINCE."

Who is "the true believer"? According to Eric Hoffer . . .

> He's the man who, multiplied by thousands, is shaping the world to his image. He's a guilt-ridden hitch-hiker who thumbs a ride on every cause from Christianity to communism. He's a fanatic, needing a Stalin (or a Christ) to worship and die for. He's the mortal enemy of things-as-they-are, and he insists on sacrificing himself for a dream impossible to attain. *He is today everywhere on the march.*

Reporting on the true believer, Mr. Hoffer examines mass movements from Christianity in its infancy to the national uprisings of our own day. How do they start? How are they kept running? What do they promise? What do they perform? How can vast numbers of men be transformed into fanatics capable of every extreme of cruelty and self-sacrifice? THE TRUE BELIEVER brilliantly provides the answers.

Will THE TRUE BELIEVER be included on lists of "great" books?

During the year since publication, the "extraordinary perception and insight" of this book, its masterly handling of "wry epigram and icy aphorism" have caused it to be recognized throughout America as "a genuine contribution to our social thought," "a harsh and potent mental tonic," "one of the most provocative books of our immediate day," and *"one of those truly basic books which can have historic consequences."* These statements come from *The Christian Science Monitor, The New Yorker,* Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., *The New York Times* and the editor of *This Week.* They help to indicate how importantly Eric Hoffer's book is being taken in important places.

In their enthusiasm, critics have compared Hoffer to a dozen estimable thinkers of the past (such widely differing men as Adam Smith, Benjamin Franklin, Thoreau, Veblen, Nietzsche, Spengler, Ortega y Gasset, La Rochefoucauld, Machiavelli and Matthew Arnold).

Both the book and the author have caught the imagination of reviewers and feature writers from coast to coast. The idea of this longshoreman who is also a full-time thinker and *free of all professional taboos* is exciting.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Today readers are still "discovering" THE TRUE BELIEVER. Only recently *The American Journal of International Law* declared that a reading of Hoffer's book tells one "more about today's world of nations than would protracted study of geography, economics, or, it must be admitted, international law."

That is why THE TRUE BELIEVER is being bought, read, thought about and talked about by people who are not only concerned with our present and future but who are in a position to do something about it. That is why you will want to read it yourself.

THE TRUE BELIEVER

by ERIC HOFFER

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the ad. "Profusely illustrated. Explicit instructions. Sent in a plain envelope." Every eager soul who clipped the coupon received a very good cook book.

● ● In Hollywood, a cocky script writer hit the studio head for a raise. He was effectively deflated by the head's casual, "Let's hold over that discussion until next Saturday—provided, of course, you're still on the payroll."

● ● In Dallas, the Restland Memorial Cemetery sent an order to Garden City for one thousand copies of a book. It was Norman Vincent Peale's "The Art of Living."

● ● In Cleveland, Wes Lawrence's campaign to rename the classics was given added fuel by *SRL* readers. Eric F. Johnson suggested changing "Das Kapital" to "That's Washington." Gardner Earle would replace Dante's "Inferno" with "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," and Moby Dick with "Whale, Whale, the Gang's All Here." And Elsa Russell, at *Reader's Digest*, came up with any number of feasible suggestions. Examples: "Hamlet" to "The King and I"; Robinson Crusoe to "Two on the Isle"; "From Here to Eternity" to "Too Good to Be Prew"; "The Brothers Karamazov" to "One Man's Family," and the story of Solomon to "Come Back, Little Sheba."

● ● In Tulsa, an oil magnate, enamored of his secretary's chassis but appalled by her ignorance of literature, strove mightily to improve her I.Q. One morning she told him, "I took your advice. I read a book last night." "Great," enthused the magnate. "What was the name of it?" The secretary answered, "Dun and Bradstreet's."

● ● In New York, the conductor of this column, about to shove off for a month's vacation in California, was delighted to hear that Laura Hobson, the beautiful, talented, and irrepressible author of "Gentleman's Agreement" and "The Celebrity," had consented to keep the TRADE WINDS blowing for the next four or five issues of *SRL*. Although I have tried to keep the column as unbiased as I can, I am, after all, a publisher at heart, and inevitably it is through a publisher's eyes that I observe and report on many aspects of the book world. Now readers will have a chance to learn how differently a successful and spirited author may feel about the problems of publishing today. Good luck, Laura! Good hunting, readers! I'll be back with you in March. —BENNETT CERF.

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FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

(about God and Man at Yale)*

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THE CRITICS HAVE NOW had their say about *God and Man at Yale. Life* carried a full page editorial on October 29. In November *The Atlantic* ran an article "The Attack on Yale," and in the following issue printed William F. Buckley's rejoinder, together with McGeorge Bundy's rebuttal. *Time* called Buckley a "rebel in reverse." The *Saturday Review of Literature* sent Selden Rodman and Frank D. Ashburn into the Buckley fray in their special feature "Isms and the Universities." Meanwhile, a mountain of reviews, articles, and editorials has been piling up on our desk.

WHAT HAVE THE CRITICS SAID? Their comments cover the whole range of emotions—from angry abuse to the highest praise. An Eastern Republican lashed out with a violent personal attack upon the author. A prominent ex-socialist gave the book his warm support. Yet, to our mind, few of these critics have addressed themselves to the central problems raised by *God and Man at Yale.*

WHAT ARE THESE PROBLEMS? Is "academic freedom" a superstition? If so, to what extent? What are the responsibilities of the teacher? Is Mr. Buckley correct in suggesting that many professors and textbooks are advocating "a slow but relentless transfer of power from the individual to the state?" In the case of the privately endowed university such as Yale, what measures of control should be given to the alumni? Or should the alumni have no say whatsoever? Has the consumer *any* rights in the educational marketplace? Are values an important part of education? Ought there to be a value orthodoxy in an individual school?

WHAT DO YOU THINK about *God and Man at Yale?* We would like to know to what extent you agree or disagree with Buckley's ideas. The issues raised in this book are so important that to continue and broaden the discussion, we are offering $250 for the best essay on each side, one in support of the book and the other opposing the book. The two prize-winning essays will be submitted for publication in a national magazine. They may also appear at a later date in book form. In addition, four manuscripts will receive honorable mention in the public press. The details of the contest are announced below.

*CONTEST RULES

1. All essays should be approximately 3,000 words in length and should deal specifically with one or more of the problems regarding education in a free society posed by *God and Man at Yale.*
2. The judges will be Canon Bernard Iddings Bell, Professor George S. Counts, Columbia University, Teachers College, and Dr. George N. Shuster, President of Hunter College. The decision of the judges will be final.
3. The manuscripts should be typewritten with double-spacing and should be sent to Miss Florence Norton, Contest Secretary, at 8 West 13th Street, New York 11, New York. They are to be postmarked no later than midnight, March 31st, 1952.
4. Manuscripts must be sent by first class mail. Every effort will be made to return manuscripts accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing return postage. However, no responsibility for manuscripts can be assumed. The winning essays, together with all publication rights thereof, become the property of the Henry Regnery Company.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Idea of the Soldier

DAVID L. COHN

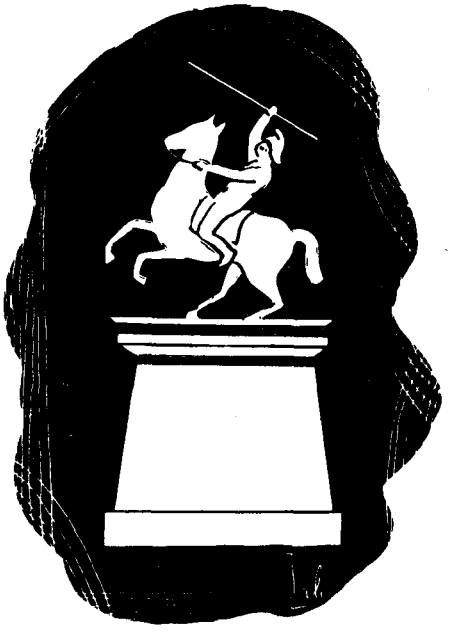
David L. Cohn

LIVING across the street from the Washington County courthouse in Greenville, Mississippi, I grew up with the Confederate soldier. He stood there on the lawn, tall, youthful, leaning lightly upon his rifle, a bird singing from his marble hat. I occasionally crossed the street to look closely at him. Then I marveled that hammer and chisel in the hands of a man could reproduce in stone with such photographic fidelity a soldier and his trappings; a superb work of art it seemed to me. Yet even when I was grown and saw that the monument was but a poor thing in terms of art, it did not appear ridiculous to me. It had about it a forlorn and pathetic dignity; it had sprung from the hearts of the people of the community, and if their artistic perceptions were untutored, their simplicity had saved them from the pompous absurdity so marked in many of our grandiosely ugly public moments.

Almost on the eve of World War I, a high-school student, I had sat on our gallery reading Norman Angell's "The Great Illusion." It "proved" that since modern wars were profitless, wars would cease; and lifting my eyes from time to time from the book to the monument across the way, the soldier seemed clothed with an especial pathos. He had been born at the wrong time. He belonged to an old, unhappy, far-off era, whose kind would never again recur.

Individually, men comfort themselves with the vain but warming illusion that the disasters which so often come to others cannot come to them; an illusion sedative and saving, seeing that they walk tightropes all their lives. Men are collectively subject to the same illusion: the catastrophes of other times cannot occur in their times. I therefore felt a certain security, and even a touch of smugness, as—my mind ranging over wars about which I had read—I felt certain that ours was a period in which men, at last civilized and humane, had abandoned war. All this seemed to be confirmed by the spiritual that Negro prisoners often sang in the jailhouse behind the courthouse, their stirring voices coming to me as I sat on our gallery:

I'm gwine a lay down my burdens
Down by the riverside . . .
An' study war no mo'.



It did not occur to me as strange that the Confederate soldier—then, as now, Greenville's only public monument—was a war memorial. The figure, to my eyes, was merely a figure. Yet there was nothing in town to indicate that Mississippi (or the South) had ever had a statesman, jurist, artist, humanitarian, worthy of remembrance in stone. If it should be said that the community could not afford graven memorials, one could ask why it was that Greenville had no Joel Chandler Harris Street or Edgar Allan Poe Avenue. These memorials would have cost nothing.

We were taught that "Peace hath its victories no less renowned than war." But we did not celebrate them. Men professed to hate war—and glorified it. No one told us that war has a morbid fascination for many men and women; that it is often a welcome release from the monotony of the daily round and the frequent boredom of pedestrian existence, its subtle and powerful appeal being that it is a moral holiday. Then, the dark angel of the ego given wing, one may, almost with the approbation of the community, do what it had hitherto forbidden; what one longed but feared to do because of the conventions of society.

THE heroes of my early youth were largely military heroes of the Confederacy. Foremost among them was

---

David L. Cohn is the author of several books, among them "Where I Was Born and Raised" and "This Is the Story," his observations as a war correspondent. The above essay is part of a book now in process of completion.

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Stonewall Jackson. His dying words tore at my young heart: "No, no, let us cross the river and rest in the shade of the trees." Jackson—oh the unutterable woe of it—accidentally shot by his own men, who would have died for him. I was stirred by the cavalier dash, the dangerous grace, of Jeb Stuart. But it was Jackson who deeply moved me. In his terrible loneliness as a field general, this Old Testament fighter knelt to an Old Testament God of battles before he went out to smite the enemy. ("And the Lord said unto Joshua, Fear not, neither be thou dismayed; take all the people of war with thee, and arise, go up to Ai . . .") Then he rode into battle, often sucking a lemon.

I had no memories of the Civil War (or, as local people scrupulously called it — the War Between the States) even at second hand, since my parents had come to Greenville a decade after its end. There were almost no outward marks of its destruction in the vicinity. Yet it was often vivid to me and sometimes heavily overlaid my spirit.

Long decades after its close, who could say in black-and-white what had caused it? We were almost arrogant in the certainties of our technical knowledge. The telephone linked our little town with the great world. Men were beginning to fly. Some were even reckless enough to suggest that cotton would one day be picked by machine. But we knew little of individual human behavior, and next to nothing of mass human behavior in its most aberrant form: war. Had The War been brought about as the result of conflict of interests between industrial North and agricultural South? Had the destiny of a nation hung upon the legalism of strict or loose interpretation of the Constitution? Or had the struggle been precipitated, beyond hope of rational settlement, by Boston fanatics on the one hand and Charleston fanatics on the other? Yet there being no sureness of answer here, did one have to go to Tolstoy for an answer posed as a question? When an apple falls from the tree, he asked, why does it fall? Because winds have weakened its hold upon the twig? A worm is at its heart? Or the boy under the tree wants to eat it?

AMID these torturing questions, I felt only one certainty: that those about me who had known The War had had the most agonizing, soul-searing trial ever endured by Americans. It was not the conflict itself, whatever its horrors. It was the choice of loyalties between Section and Nation; a choice leading to bloody struggle between brother and brother, that most

—*From the John Brown mural in the Kansas State Capitol.*

"The Tragic Prelude," by John Steuart Curry.

mournful of struggles. Sometimes, seeing a Confederate veteran, I wondered what storms had passed over his head and, wondering, would fall into debate with myself.

What would you have done, I asked myself, had you been a young man in 1861? Suppose the issue had been instantly presented to you when, a student at Centenary College in Shreveport, Louisiana, you had come to class and read on the bulletin board: "War has been declared. Classes are suspended. May God preserve the right"? I thought I knew what I should have done. I'd have gone with my classmates, the tribal instinct strong upon me, the heady certainties of youth singing high and clear in my mind, the dear, familiar faces warming me with their presence.

But the discussion was not ended. A man is many things. He is more starred than the heavens. He peers with more eyes than the thousand-faceted eye of the housefly. Multiple voices speak within him, sometimes faint and far, like music heard at the end of a long street; sometimes loud and near, like the storm that roars about his house. His ears—whatever biologists may say to the contrary—hear above the tone scale. There is no leaf trembling upon a tree that does not tremble also upon his spirit.

It was not alone I, then, who entered into the discussion but also the myriad man that I am (and you are). I was, to isolate a single man from the multitude of men, a man of the South; one ineradicably stained with an essence not quite like any other upon this American soil that, integral, contains so many essences. I was also a Jew; one stained with still another essence. As such I had been suckled at the breasts of time; dandled upon the bony knees of history. What wars had not my kinsmen known as aggressors, defenders, victors, losers, victims? Two thousand years ago they fought at Jerusalem, and only yesterday they fought there again. It was the stranger that even a saint—one unfriendly to Jews, although he worshiped a Jew and a Jewess—reluctantly found them admirable because they were warlike. "Was not the Jewish nation," wrote St. John Chrysostom, "seen to arise and arm against the Romans, and to resist their united strength and sometimes to overcome it, and create for the Caesar of that time very serious difficulties? Such was their great energy and valor."

SIXTEEN centuries after St. John Chrysostom wrote these words I listened to Confederate veterans discuss The War. No one of them was bitter about it. Bitterness, however, sometimes crept into the talk of their womenfolk, and this understandably. For it was they—more than their men—who had suffered most grievously the humiliations and hardships of enemy invasion and occupation. It was the women—bearers and bringers up of children, bakers of bread, growers of flowers, makers of window curtains—whose role as conservators of hearth and home had been most violently outraged. Not theirs, even, the warm camaraderie of the campfire, or the dark passion of battle. They stood, as women always stand in wartime, wait-

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ing before the well of time, the bucket immobile on the rusting chain.

Thus it has been immemorially. But in the universe—by a celestial law of the conservation of matter—nothing is lost. Across the gulf of the centuries echo the cries of the Trojan women.

They sound loudly upon my ears because I first heard them in impressionable youth. While still in high school my friend and fellow townsman William Alexander Percy gave me a copy of "The Trojan Women" of Euripides. The fall of Troy has evoked the greatest of man's martial poetry. Yet the play—one of almost unbearable pain—ends with an old, homeless, heartbroken woman sitting on the ground, her dead grandchild in her arms, its mother a slave bound for Greece. This to Euripides was the "glory" of war.

Race memories are long. They are perpetuated in monuments and mothers' milk. The victor may forget; or magnanimously feign forgetfulness. The vanquished remember. They still remember in Greenville and the South, the melancholy paradox being this: in none of its wars with foreign foes has the United States exacted so dire a vengeance or inflicted so great a humiliation as that visited by it upon the defeated South. Yet, sadder still, this is but the retelling of an ancient story. For, as Thucydides noted twenty-five centuries ago, "The question of justice enters only where the pressure of necessity is equal . . . The powerful exact what they can, and the weak grant what they must."

Looking up and down the long perspective of history—its halls paved with skulls of the slain and lined with wraiths of poets never born—war appeared to me malevolently childish; a deadly expression of murderous petulance. It seemed unworthy of men who could arrive at the stupendous conclusion that two and two make four; a shockingly immature action for them to take. Contemplation of war affected me with a heavy weariness; a weariness soon illuminated for me by Romain Rolland in his "Jean Christophe" that had just appeared. "The Jews," he wrote, "are an ancient people. There is an immense deposit of boredom in their souls."

The soldier is a commonplace spectacle. But it is one to which I have never become entirely accustomed, the musket-bearing mammal striking me as bizarre and unnatural; a cylindrical limb of steel superimposed upon his arms of flesh and blood. Whence this unspeakable deformation of bright youth? Who riveted this abomination upon him?

He came into the world new-minted

(*Continued on page 24*)

Fiction. *Next week* The Saturday Review *will devote a good portion of its issue to celebrations of the accomplishments and analyses of the woes of the fiction writer. This week, while the stage is being set, so to speak, we review three uncommonly fine new works by members of the three principal generations of novelists. The most notable is, of course, "My Cousin Rachel," by Daphne du Maurier, who has won, through a long series of popular successes that includes the phenomenal "Rebecca," as large a following as any living writer. Marjorie Stoneman Douglas has published several well-received novels, but her latest, "Road to the Sun," reviewed on page 12, will have to make its way on its own merits rather than coast on its writer's reputation. The newcomer is Lonnie Coleman, whose "Sound of Spanish Voices" was accorded a measure of acclaim just last fall. His "Clara" (page 11) is even better, marking him as a man whose future work will deserve to be watched closely.*

Intrigue in Cornwall

MY COUSIN RACHEL. By Daphne du Maurier. New York: Doubleday & Co. 348 pp. $3.50.

By Harrison Smith

SOME years ago Daphne du Maurier wrote that she cared little for contemporary literature and read for choice Jane Austen, Anthony Trollope, and Robert Louis Stevenson. Any observant and talented girl brought up in the Du Maurier home in London would almost inevitably have become a novelist, a poet, or an actress, but the unique qualities which have made her an extremely popular and sensitive writer can be traced to these strangely diverse novelists to whom her work pays tribute. The love of country living and knowledge of the lives and habits of English families whether in old country houses or village cottages, the instinctive gift for plot construction and awareness of the conflicts and cruelties of human nature, the apprehensions of disaster, and the quality of romanticism evident in her writing were not borrowed from others but rather absorbed by her sensitive mind.

Miss Du Maurier's "My Cousin Rachel" is in many ways as fascinating as her "Rebecca," and it is certainly one of her two best books. The story itself shows the reverse side of the medal. In "Rebecca" Maxim de Winter's second wife was a genuine and artless young woman, capable of lifelong devotion to a husband who was finally freed from the coils of an ambitious and vindictive housekeeper. In "My Cousin Rachel" Rachel Ashley is older, fascinating, beautiful, half Italian by birth, a devious and enigmatic woman whose every act conspires against the happiness and security of the youthful, untried man whom she attempts to destroy. The old, neglected Cornwall farmstead Rachel invades, as the widow of Ambrose Ashley, who had died in Florence, bears no resemblance to the huge, historic mansion to which Maxim de Winter brought his second wife.

There was no mystery about the death of Maxim de Winter's Rebecca. He had only too plainly killed her and buried her body in his sunken yacht. But the essence of "My Cousin Rachel" is a mystery which is never solved. Was this intriguing woman, who appears to be always under the shadow of her sinister Italian adviser, an angel or a devil? Had she murdered her husband with the seeds of the laburnum tree in the courtyard of her Italian villa, and later, after his young cousin Philip Ashley was besotted with love for her, did she try to kill him in the same way? It is presumed that the reader will be torn by his doubts of Rachel's innocence, though he will

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have to grant that she deliberately used her mature charms to assure the passionate affection of a man of twenty-four who had never known what it was to love a girl or a woman.

Miss Du Maurier presents her case against Rachel as to a jury. In the opinion of this reader, who therefore is a member of the jury, Cousin Rachel was plainly guilty of the murder of her husband and of the attempted murder of Philip. Philip's experience with Rachel, save for the fact that he never was married to her, duplicated the trials of Ambrose in Italy. On his twenty-fifth birthday Philip was to have complete mastery of his fortune. He intended to marry Rachel in spite of her seniority; he would bring her the family jewels; his fate was sealed. Although he had been in robust health, he began to have blinding headaches, and the symptoms of his malady repeated those his cousin had described. One day after an almost fatal illness he discovered the deadly laburnum seeds in an envelope in a locked cabinet.

This is the evidence of Rachel's deviltry. Up to the last few pages the reader can have no doubt that she is guilty as charged by the Prosecutor, Daphne du Maurier. Then, suddenly, Miss Du Maurier changes her argument. There are no laburnum seeds in the cabinet. A letter from the Italian adviser, whom the reader has long presumed to be her lover, is found which implies that their relations were innocent. She asks the reader to believe that both cousins had been out of their head when they thought ill of Rachel. This juryman refuses to do so and is convinced that the author's original intention was to describe the effect of an enchanting and wicked poisoner on the mind and body of an untutored youth.

The element of the final reversal in the testimony will undoubtedly intrigue the millions who will read "My Cousin Rachel." Its heroine, whether angel or demon, will assuredly remain in their minds, if not forever, as the publisher avers, at least for a very long time. The novel may be said to suffer from only one fault in construction; it takes too long to bring Cousin Rachel from Italy to Cornwall. But all murder trials begin slowly and increase in intensity until the jury delivers its verdict. Perhaps that, too, was cleverly plotted by its skilful and compelling writer.

THE AUTHOR: Given extraordinarily piquant beauty and so romantic a name and background—daughter of famous actor-manager Sir Gerald du Maurier and granddaughter of equally famed artist-author ("Trilby," "Peter Ibbetson") George du Maurier—Daphne du Maurier might easily have settled for a life of champagne bubbles. Instead, she chose the rigorous discipline of a writing career, which still, twenty years after her first novel appeared, takes seven hours of her day, two in the morning, five in the afternoon, when she is in the throes of creation. To insure the solitude that has produced ten novels, two biographies, and a successful play (starring Gertrude Lawrence) she usually works in a hut on the grounds of her Cornish seacoast place, graced with the 70-room manor house Menabilly, which "I fell in love with when I first saw it at 5 a.m. some three and twenty years ago, and have been in love with ever since." Not only "My Cousin Rachel" but "Rebecca" and "The King's General" were "directly inspired, I might even say dictated, by a nameless Something—atmosphere, spirit, call it what you will, that lurks within this house." Like "Rebecca" too, "Rachel" is written in the first person—"very exhausting, though more stimulating than in the third. I felt very flat after finishing. It was hard to realize that the whole thing was over, and none of the characters existed except on paper." Dialogue is easier for her than narrative, descriptions more difficult than either. She now finds her earlier books dead and dated and feels that "each new work reflects a change of mood or development in the mind, character, and personality of the author." Her writing over, she likes to walk, "ax trees," garden, swim, read—preferably pre-twentieth century—and sail with her husband, daughters (Flavia, Tessa), and son (Christian) on their 60-foot fishing vessel. Her husband, incidentally, is Sir Frederick Browning, chancellor of the exchequer in Princess Elizabeth's household. As Lady Daphne she must therefore endure a certain amount of time in London. An American acquaintance reports her a delightful hostess, with traditional British reserve tempered by puckish wit. Particularly he admires her—"very much to the manner born"—for raising the children herself—sans nannies, governesses, or premature boarding school—"she is *their mother*."

—ELOISE PERRY HAZARD.

Cook vs. Mistress

CLARA. By Lonnie Coleman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 286 pp. $3.

By CID RICKETTS SUMNER

HERE is a story with real flavor, flavor of place—a small Alabama town—and of living people. It covers a period of some thirty years and is concerned essentially with the conflict between Lillian, mistress of the house, and Clara, the colored cook.

Lillian, the first-person narrator, emerges at once through the easy colloquial style of her story-telling, which is spiced with humor and such homely native phrases that even a Northern reader must realize they are straight out of life. Mr. Coleman does this admirably. Clara is a real person from the moment she is discovered sweeping the front porch of Carl Sayre's home on the day when Lillian, having made up her mind to marry him, walks by to see what sort of house she will be living in. She had been visiting her married sister, hoping to meet an eligible young man, and Carl seems to be just that—and her brother-in-law's boss to boot. That he is also a man warped by the domination of his mother and still haunted by her terrible sense of sin proves disastrous to a marriage already doomed by Lillian's smallness of mind and her lack of tenderness and understanding. Why is she so afraid of all physical passion? Mr. Coleman does not make this clear. This absence of motivation is a real fault.

Clara, however, has all the qualities which Lillian lacks, and Carl turns to her. The contest between the two women continues through a series of incidents of mounting intensity, beginning with antagonism over the running of the house and even including Lillian's putting on weight. "It was Clara's fault in a way," she says. "If she hadn't cooked such good rich food, I wouldn't have gained all that flesh." Again and again Lillian tried to get rid of Clara in order to be mistress in her own house, and to punish Carl for his sin, when through the child Pete she at last discovers it. But each time she is foiled, by her own dependence and incompetence, by Clara's strength, and, finally, by Clara's Pete. In the end Clara is the victor, although Lillian is not altogether vanquished. She has learned,

Cid Ricketts Sumner is the author of "But the Morning Will Come," "Sudden Glory," and other stories of Southern life.

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she has acquired some of Clara's own generosity and understanding and in the end is able to say, "At last there is love enough."

Mr. Coleman's minor characters are well done. There is Sister, of whom Lillian says, "We never had any real fusses, nor any real good times together either. We were just sisters." There is Sister's husband, Pil, whose conversation is all about what beef is bringing at the store. Best of all, there is Aunt Aster, pathetic, funny, always engaging. "She might be crazy as an Easter hat but she was foxy enough to get the best of whoever tried to cross her." What's more, at seventy-five, she decided she was old enough and after that counted backwards, by fives.

The mob scene and death by violence have been too much used in Southern stories. It was a disappointment to come on them again, especially here where the contest between the two women was already sufficiently dramatic and absorbing. It was a satisfaction, however, to find that in a time when many novels dealing with race problems are too heavily sociological, Mr. Coleman has given us characters who are first of all human beings. He has written an excellent novel.

Conflict Between New & Old

ROAD TO THE SUN. By Marjory Stoneman Douglas. New York: Rinehart & Co. 340 *pp.* $3.50.

By Eugenie Bolger

IN THE years just before World War I the rainbow's end was on the map, and the pot of gold was in Miami. Wealth untold was waiting in Florida. There was wealth for the farmer in the black soil of the Everglades; wealth for the innkeepers and merchants in growing Miami; and, as always, there was wealth for the boosters and sharpers who preyed upon gullibility and ignorance. This is the vivid world Marjory Stoneman Douglas has described in "Road to the Sun."

Jason Horne had bought some of the rich Everglades land with a dream of its yielding a great harvest of rice. He brought his bride, a shy, uncertain New England girl, to share his vision and his home. To her life he gave happiness and purpose; to him she gave herself and her love. Slowly the land, and their lives with it, assumed the shape of their dreams.

Across the canal the newly-built dikes framed the pale blue lake where the rice was planted. But to their neighbors, the Yandells, the field was a symbol of destruction, not achievement. The Yandells had no dreams, no aspirations. Stubborn and proud, content in their poverty and isolation, they were fiercely resentful of the changes slowly encompassing them. Instinctively they knew that Jason with his driving energy and ambition menaced their way of life, challenged their very existence. Hatred and the desire to destroy him became an obsession. It is ironically inevitable that long before he is destroyed their consuming drive to avenge themselves has become pointless. The struggle against change, forever a losing one, has been lost long before the closing chapter. And in Jason's sin against them was an inherent vengeance, worse than any they could wreak upon him: the terrible knowledge of what he had done and of what he was capable.

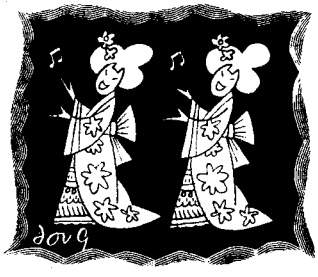
Miss Douglas knows the Florida country. She has captured in prose both the exotic beauty of the Everglades and the hectic excitement of Miami's boom days. And she knows what situations provide drama and interest. "Road to the Sun" has all the makings of a powerful novel. The world it describes is real and memorable; its theme of eternal conflict between the new and the old transcends any limits of time and place, and the characters caught in the tide are both universal and unique. What she lacks is the skill to utilize completely the materials at hand. The relentless building up and dovetailing of significant detail, as essential to richness of plot as to depth of character, is badly wanting in several sequences. There are climaxes only half realized, and characters, true psychologically but awkward in speech and gesture. Yet, for all this, "Road to the Sun" has moments of beauty and strength. The breath of life is in it.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SAVOYARDS

Jane and Alan Otten, of Washington, D. C., offer twelve quotations from Gilbert & Sullivan operettas in which characters describe themselves. Allowing five points for each character identified and five for the operetta in which he appeared, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 43.



1. I am an intellectual chap
   And think of things that would astonish you.
2. I'd a swallow-tail coat of a beautiful blue—
   A brief which I bought of a booby—
   A couple of shirts and a collar or two,
   And a ring that looked like a ruby!
3. Stouter than I used to be,
   Still more corpulent grow I.
4. To nobody second,
   I'm certainly reckoned
   A true philanthropist.
5. I write letters blatant
   On medicines patent.
6. I was a stupid nurserymaid, on breakers always steering.
7. I always eat peas with a knife.
8. For I'm not so old, and not so plain,
   And I'm quite prepared to marry again.
9. Though related to a peer,
   I can hand, reef, and steer,
   And ship a salvagee.
10. Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man.
11. As a poet, I'm tender and quaint—
    I've passion and fervour and grace.
12. So amiable I've grown,
    So innocent as well.

Fiction Notes

LEOPARD IN THE GRASS. By Desmond Stewart. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. John Stirling is a young Englishman who goes to the Middle East to pursue archeological investigations. He never gets around to his occupation, however; there is much bureaucratic delay in the setting up of his expedition, and other pursuits prove more tempting. "Obedient to the creed of his generation, that no experience should be declined," young Stirling

(*Continued on page* 35)

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Personal History.

The men whose life stories are reviewed on this and the succeeding pages are a motley group—an American general, a Nazi admiral, a Communist physicist—but their careers were shaped by World War II. Now that Dwight Eisenhower has become an all but avowed candidate for the Presidency, his fellow Americans would do well to study his record in John Gunther's tightly packed, revealing pages (see below) for help in the great decision they must make later this year. The case of Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, whom Ian Colvin presents as a hero in "Master Spy" (page 14), provides provocative commentary on the slippery morality of our times. And in "The Accused" (page 13), his account of the living-death of a Soviet prisoner, Alexander Weissberg offers an indictment of totalitarianism as moving as a novel, as objectively precise as a scientific treatise.

—Harris & Ewing.

Familiar Eisenhower plus "technicoloring."

Portrait of a General

EISENHOWER: The Man and the Symbol. By John Gunther. New York: Harper & Bros. 180 pp. $2.50.

By Jonathan Daniels

FEW reporters in the world can be more confidently counted on for a sharp and vivid picture of any subject than John Gunther. And so far as the picture is concerned he has produced a lively and impressive one in this pertinent portrait of General Eisenhower. Unfortunately, however, it remains a fairly familiar picture, new only in its technicoloring. Gunther is added but not much more Eisenhower.

It is still, at a time when many may be seeking one, the best brief facsimile of the General whose military eminence almost adds to his political mysteriousness. Gunther's book was finished before General Eisenhower announced that he was at least willing in the Presidential race. Already the book is a little dated (in view of activities by Senator Taft and statements by President Truman) in terms of Gunther's statement that Eisenhower could practically have the Presidency from either party and on a platter. The book stands up all the same as a good Eisenhower handbook for those who have their hopes in him.

In no sense is this a biography of the General. Only fifty pages are devoted to Eisenhower's background and career. The greater part of the book is devoted to a description of Eisenhower in his present job, that job itself, and to Gunther's own political prognostications. Strangely, while it is Gunther's idea that the "essential master point" about Eisenhower is his "civilian touch" Eisenhower appears on most of this book's pages as the soldier—a genial, friendly, modest, humble, and very human general but very much the five-star soldier all the same.

This is strangely so despite a remarkable collection of details about the General's human and personal interests which Gunther here discloses. There is a full discussion of Eisenhower's bridge, golf, and poker playing (Eisenhower's pre-war poker winnings were $3,900 a year). There was some interesting material, new to me, on Eisenhower as an amateur landscape and portrait painter. (He has trouble as a painter with eyes and hands.) Gunther has explored his reading habits and finds that, like President Truman, Eisenhower likes swift-paced Western stories.

This is all very interesting, but my impression is that lively information about these details takes up almost as much space in the brief book as the recital of facts about the domestic and non-military views of the General, about which there is now proper political curiosity. Gunther's portrait of a General who is really at heart a civilian—or at least has that civilian touch—seemed to me a bit like that of a clergyman who can readily dismiss by his hale heartiness any qualms among the laity which may be created by the cloth. It is easy to share Gunther's admiration but it would be easier to feel the greatness of Eisenhower if in his picture or in his personality there were signs of a life shaped by a little more trouble and pain, personal struggle, and public sympathy.

This book makes good reading. It may make fine politics. The one thing it seemed to me to fail to make was a portrait—wart and all and heart and all—of a man.

In Soviet Inferno

THE ACCUSED. By Alexander Weissberg. New York: Simon & Schuster. 518 pp. $4.

By Bertram D. Wolfe

ALEXANDER WEISSBERG is an Austrian and a Jew, but when he rose to testify in the celebrated libel suit of David Rousset against the Communist *Lettres Françaises*, the counsel for the defense and his claque kept interrupting with such outcries as "What, another German!" and "It turns my stomach to see a Nazi German testifying before a French court!" Finally Rousset's counsel read a warm letter to Stalin from Einstein, and another, invoking the names of Blackett and Niels Bohr, and signed by Jean Perrin, Irene Joliot-Curie, and Frederic Joliot-Curie. The letters asserted Weissberg's innocence, his loyal services to the Soviet Union, his distinction in the world of physics. It was not the names of the five Nobel prize winners, but the fact that the Joliot-Curies are the leaders of the French Communist intellectuals that caused the rest of his testimony to be heard in silence. This episode suggests many of the features that make Dr. Weissberg's account of his three years in the inferno of the Soviet purges unique.

A convinced Communist and a physicist of high rank, Dr. Weissberg in

Bertram D. Wolfe is author of "Three Who Made a Revolution" and other works on Russia.

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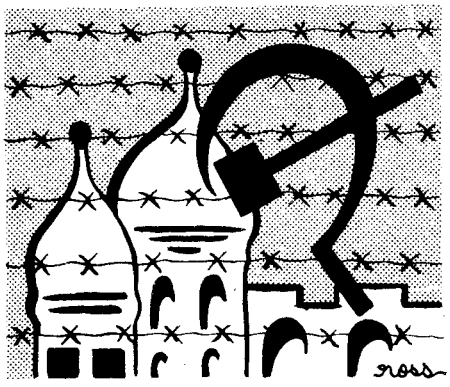
1931 accepted an invitation to the Soviet Union to work in one of the world's biggest institutes of theoretical physics. His achievements won him recognition both inside and outside the country. He founded and served as editor of its *Journal of Physics*. He planned to devote the rest of his life to the service of the new world of Socialism, equality, and freedom that he believed was abuilding. Then in April 1936 his wife was arrested, allegedly for hiding two pistols under her bed to kill Stalin and for smuggling fragmented swastikas into ceramic designs. Though no longer living with her, Dr. Weissberg saw the absurdity of the charges and attempted to help her.

> "Your wife was arrested as an enemy of the people," they warned him. "By intervening in her behalf you are giving support to an enemy of the people."
>
> "I'm certain she is innocent."
>
> "Still worse! Now you're saying that we arrest innocent people."

And so the mad logic of the purges, which acts on the theory that whoever questions is an enemy of the state, that whoever is injured or made the victim of injustice must thereby become anti-state, that arrest makes a man guilty, that punishment must be meted out and a crime invented to fit the punishment and a confession extorted to fit the crime—this mad logic sucked in Dr. Weissberg, too. Having been arrested, he must have been a member and organizer of a nonexistent counter-revolutionary organization. "Who recruited you?" demanded his torturers endlessly. "And whom did you recruit?" He realized that this involved a chain reaction. Each man he might mention would automatically be arrested and would have to name others, who would be arrested, who would have to name others who would be arrested, in an endless chain. Even as he suffered and fought, "confessing" when the strain became intolerable and withdrawing his confessions each time the strain let up, his powerful mind was engaged in trying to understand what was happening, seeking to salvage his sanity and a modicum of his illusions concerning the regime.

The combination of Austrian citizenship, the letters from the world's great physicists, and the irrepressible strength and elasticity of his spirit saved him from death or breakdown. After three years in various prisons, years which saw his interrogators join him as victims, Dr. Weissberg, Jew and Communist though he was, was turned over to the German Gestapo as part of the "mutual assistance" program of the Stalin-Hitler Pact. He escaped to take part in another type of nightmare as a fighter in the Polish underground, but with a fine sense of literary form, he ends the present work at the moment when he is being handed over to the Gestapo.



Using his statistical training, Dr. Weissberg worked out a method of calculating the number of victims who were streaming into the prisons of the Soviet Union from the serial numbers on receipts issued to them for personal belongings. He cross-checked by statistics derivable from prison kitchens, and by reports from NKVD officials as they in turn landed in jail. Carefully allowing for a margin of error he arrived at a figure of nine million victims during the peak years of the purge.

This same intellectual curiosity and power of reasoning, observing, ordering, and generalizing was applied to every experience, every person he came in contact with. A phenomenal memory enabled him to reproduce the details of every conversation and argument. This gives his book much of the solidity and vital fulness of a great novel and the esthetic clarity of outline of a well-reasoned scientific theory. Weissberg is so completely absorbed with his experience, with the fate of every prisoner high or low, every jailer or inquisitor, and the fate of Everyman caught in the toils of a Kaffka Trial multiplied by nine million, that every detail is as sharp as if the reader were living it himself. Only the last chapter, which attempts a theoretical explanation of the purges, is weak by comparison with the spontaneous fragmentary explanations that spring out of every page of the book.

In this reviewer's opinion "The Accused" will take a place among the great works of autobiography and eyewitness reporting of history. Thanks to a brave spirit and an unquenchable intellect, the over-all effect of the entrance into the inferno of the purges with Dr. Weissberg is one of deepened understanding and compassion and pride in the capacity of the human soul to resist torture and preserve its integrity.

Patriot or Spy?

MASTER SPY. By Ian Colvin. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 286 pp. $3.50.

By Leo Lania

THE Kaiser went, but the generals remained. For a while, right after the close of World War II, their careers as grave-diggers of the German Republic and their complicity in Hitler's crimes seemed certain to seal their doom. Alas, once more the German generals have proved indestructible. A few were executed by Hitler when they tried to save the sinking ship by throwing the mad captain overboard. A few were brought to trial at Nuremberg. But the vast majority survived the debacle of the Third Reich as easily as they did the wrath of their outraged victims. After a short outburst of moral indignation the world decided that the German generals were irreplaceable.

Stalin, in no need of justifying his complete lack of moral scruples, even uses former Gestapo chiefs and SS generals, and has made them honorary comrades. The West, plagued by a bad conscience, tries to rationalize its "realistic policy": "After all, the German generals were never really Nazis. In fact, they were victims of Hitler, opposed his plans of conquest, and most important, were first and foremost gentlemen."

This argument is now being propagated in books, plays, and films. Thus a legend has been created. It already has its mysterious and glamorous heroes. Rommel was the first, Canaris is the next in line. After the "Desert Fox," a very noble patriot, we are now introduced to the "Master Spy" whose patriotism led him to become "a secret ally of the British."

What kind of man was Admiral Wilhelm Canaris? What was his place in the recent history of Germany? Ian Colvin, a British newspaperman, deserves our gratitude for having asked these questions. He must be given credit for having written a fascinating book. As Berlin correspondent of the *London News Chronicle* from 1933 to 1938, Mr. Colvin made the most of the opportunity to study the workings of the Nazi Reich from close range. He had excellent contacts with certain German generals and aristocrats. He is not only a trained observer but also ex-

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Leo Lania, who has covered Europe for American newspapers and magazines, is the author of "Nine Lives of Europe" and other books.

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hibits an indefatigable tenacity in tracking down leads and clues. After the war he did a stupendous work of research, traveling all over Europe, ferreting out and interrogating dozens of people—former members of the German Intelligence Service, diplomats, British and Polish agents. This is one of the best documented and most exciting stories to come out of the last war.

Unfortunately, the political conclusions of Mr. Colvin must be accepted with strong reservations. The thesis he tries to prove is as false as it is dangerous. "The readers will have to judge for themselves," he says, "whether Admiral Wilhelm Canaris was a German patriot or a British spy, an European statesman or a cosmopolitan intriguer, a double agent, an opportunist, or a seer. It will not be easy for them to make up their minds."

It would not be so difficult if Colvin, although certainly presenting a plethora of facts, had not repeatedly interpreted them with the view of increasing the stature and defense of his hero.

Here is a typical example of the legerdemain Mr. Colvin employs to gloss over evidence which might have spoiled the stirring portrait he set out to paint: First he quotes Richard Protze, Canaris's Chief of Counter-espionage, as saying: "The Germans did not know his name until the end of the war." Later he himself contradicts this statement by pointing to the accusations which were leveled against Canaris by the Reichstag of the German Republic:

> Had not Canaris issued false passports as a junior intelligence officer in 1919 to the murderers of the revolutionaries Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, whose bodies had been thrown into the Landwehr Canal? Canaris was in 1924 in a position where he might have had to account for this rumor [!] when he was giving evidence before the Reichstag Commission of Inquiry into the conduct of the war. One of its members, Deputy Moses, hotly accused him of abetting the murderers of the two Socialist leaders, but Canaris was adroit enough to point out that the incident in question did not come within the scope of the Reichstag inquiry. Had he not negotiated for U-boats of German design to be built in Spain, Holland, and Japan during the years after the Versailles Treaty had deprived Germany of these weapons?
>
> Had he not taken part in the Kapp Putsch of 1920 [an abortive right-wing attempt to seize the government], and had he not forsaken the Defense Minister Noske, to whom he was an aide, when Noske fled from Berlin to south Germany? Canaris

(*Continued on page 46*)

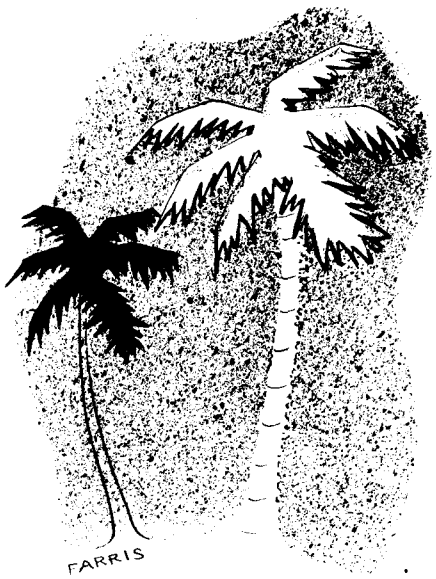
The World. *One of the newest members of the family of nations and the people who have contributed to its formation are the subjects of a number of important new books reviewed this week. Hal Lehrman's "Israel: The Beginning and Tomorrow" (below) is a well-informed reporter's account; Lawrence Resner's "Eternal Stranger" (page 16) considers the plight of the Jews in North Africa, while a volume by Solomon N. Schwarz tells of "The Jews in the Soviet Union" (page 17). . . . Other books reviewed this week take us to Argentina ("Bloody Precedent," by Fleur Cowles and "The Peron Era," by Robert J. Alexander), Asia ("The Voice of Asia," by James A. Michener, and "The Land of the Camel," by Schuyler Cammann), to Spain ("Cinderella of Europe," by Sheila M. O'Callaghan), and to the capital of Soviet Russia ("My Ringside Seat in Moscow," by Nicholas Nyaradi).*

Pioneering Country of Today

ISRAEL: The Beginning and Tomorrow. By Hal Lehrman. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 356 pp. $3.75.

By Bartley C. Crum

IN AN entirely different way from that of the American Jewish community, the lot of the Israel Jew is difficult. One difference lies in the fact, for instance, that he would have no trouble getting his boy into a medical school; that is, if there were a medical school. Thus, it is up to him to get a medical school. Similarly, there are no "restrictive covenants" as to who shall live next to whom, but try to get a house in a country which has more than doubled its population in three years! So hundreds of thousands of new houses have to be built. It is of these emotional, kindly, suspicious, generous Israelis in their first troubled, but perhaps their finest, years of statehood that Hal Lehrman writes so honestly, as an honest friend should. As is attested by practically all who know his works, he is a first-rate reporter, an able analyst who, I think, is congenitally unable to analyze his facts about Israel in the conventional way; that is, in the way to please people. Much of what he tells you you hear in the street cafes of Tel-Aviv, at the Hotel Eden in Jerusalem, at a textile mill near Naharia. It is, to put it simply, the truth about Israel; not the whole truth by any means, but the truth. And it is this quality of truth, raw and unvarnished, which for me, at any rate, makes Mr. Lehrman's book far more than just another book.



If the reader of Mr. Lehrman's book can, until he finishes it, abate the severity of his criticism (because I warn him he will be, at the very least, shocked at some of the things Mr. Lehrman says) and read it, having in mind that Mr. Lehrman writes as a candid friend, he will be well rewarded. If, also, the reader can forget for a moment that Israel is the country of the Book, and remember that if Horace Greeley were alive today, he would say "Go East, young man, Go East!" he will begin to understand that Israel is the pioneering country of 1951, just as California was the pioneering country of 1851; that behind it lies a vast, fertile hinterland, the pioneering areas of tomorrow, whose soil yearns for water and the plow, for industrialization, good living, and

Bartley C. Crum, member of the New York law firm of Hays, Podell, Algase, Crum, and Feuer, served on the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry on Palestine.

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freedom for about forty million oppressed *fellahin*. This fact makes Mr. Lehrman's survey so important.

The first and major part of Mr. Lehrman's book deals rightly with Israel itself; with its elaborate unwritten constitution, its courts (they issue writs that American lawyers haven't thought of since they read Maitland); with its multi-parties from Mapam to Cherut, from Mizrachi to general Zionists; with its intense, passionate leaders from Ben-Gurion, the Prime Minister, to Beigin, one of the most effective orators in the world today; with its internal problems so acute that you suddenly find that a nation cannot really be bankrupt; with its bitter quarrels in the Knesseth (Parliament), and its sharp dissensions despite the agreement that there would be no "Kultur Kampf"—religious war—until the completion of the ingathering of the people. I know of no one who has written so understandingly, objectively, and truthfully about Israel and its people.

I must confess I approached Mr. Lehrman's survey of American foreign policy in Israel with a slight shudder. I already knew something about the subject; and the only really good thing I knew was that on that issue President Truman really deserves his twenty-one gun salute. He stood by his policy throughout the long struggle for Israel's freedom. Mr. Lehrman speaks of the Riddle of American Diplomacy. It is, of course, a riddle, but to call it that also dignifies it. It was more the efforts of extremely highly placed persons to change the policy of the President of the United States, and so to prevent the birth of a nation; because without President Truman as *accoucheur* there would have been no Israel.

Mr. Lehrman puts it down as axiomatic that peace in the Middle East is a "prime necessity of American policy." No doubt. But I must say we have done precious little to bring it about, although I understand a beginning has now been made. He also says that at the end of the Arab war against Israel Washington "had no illusions about the likelihood of a formal peace treaty" mainly because the Arab potentates had "become prisoners of their own propaganda"; real peace (he is quoting from undisclosed sources) lay "only in mutual concessions between the two camps—and in equal treatment of them abroad."

This, I take it, is what Mr. Lehrman believes is the official policy of the United States. Such a policy begins by being immoral. Indeed, the moral bankruptcy of such a policy forced Britain's Pilate-like washing of her hands of both Arabs and Jews and her withdrawal from Palestine, and the creation of a power vacuum into which, happily for us, the Jews rushed.

—*From "Eternal Stranger."*

A bath in Tripoli's ghetto.

It ends by being unrealistic; that is, by making friends of neither, and potential enemies of both. The defeated Arab leaders, aggressors in the war against Israel, defying the United Nations, violating heaven knows how many solemn international agreements, under the concept of "mutual concessions," would, notwithstanding, be paid their price.

I venture to suggest, however, with Mr. Lehrman, that the true national interest of the United States lies in creating an entirely different scale of diplomatic values, not based on what he calls "a dull arithmetical equation between Israel and the Arabs"—namely, 40,000,000 Arabs are stronger than 1,500,000 Jews; therefore, we're on the side of the Arabs. Chamberlain worked on a similar formula in 1928 at Munich as between Germany and Czechoslovakia, with the disastrous results we all know. In the absence of a formal peace treaty the great Western powers have a responsibility to talk forcefully to the Arab rulers to end their boycott of Israel. The resumption of trade alone would contribute enormously to the stabilization of the whole Middle East.

We need bait for such a resumption, and it is to be found in Point IV of the Truman program. As Mr. Lehrman says: "Let the money go, not in a 'squandermania' for the comfort and perpetuation of the corrupt feudal hierarchy, but in public works and improvements which would benefit the degraded masses, combat the lurid promises of Communism, and help develop the Arab world into a truly reliable reservoir of support in the event of a decision between totalitarianism and democracy."

In the Middle East

ETERNAL STRANGER. By Lawrence Resner. New York: Doubleday & Co. 216 pp. $3.

By Merle Miller

MOST of the first million of Israel's population came from Europe; if there is a second million, most of them will emigrate from the Middle East, the Orient, and North Africa. Their skins will generally be darker, their customs strange and, if proof be needed, the presence of the second million will show that there is not and, in the jargon of our day, never has been a Jewish "race."

In a year of wandering around North Africa and Asia Minor, Lawrence Resner, once one of San Francisco's best newspaper men, jotted down notes on the horrors he saw among the Jews who may, if it proves possible, make up the bulk of Israel's new arrivals. In some cases, in the *mellah* of Casablanca, for example, where 60,000 Jews are crowded, often ten to a room, in a twelve-acre ghetto, no notes were necessary. Neither Mr. Resner nor his readers are likely to forget the stench and the disease and the hopelessness of the French Jew who sadly observed that "no Jew feels at home in a Moslem country."

Thus, most of Morocco's quarter of a million Jews would like to leave; so would those in Tunis and Libya and Egypt and, in fact, every other spot from Baghdad to Casablanca which Mr. Resner visited—with a single exception. M. Cremieuz, who was Minister of Justice in France in 1870, was responsible for a law authorizing collective naturalization of the Jews in Algeria; Mr. Resner does not say why the same law did not apply to Morocco and Tunisia. Nevertheless, in Algeria the Jews are both enlightened and relatively free.

In Tunisia the situation is considerably more complex. In the spring of 1950 Mr. Resner was touring the country at the same time Habib Bourghiba was making his first visit to his followers since the war. Bourghiba, whose followers are making violent headlines these days, made numerous friendly references to the Jews, but his listeners apparently do not agree. They still plunder Jewish property with no provocation and, as a result, the Jews in Tunisia are reluctantly forced to rely on the French for protection. The role is not a happy one

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Merle Miller, novelist and journalist, recently returned from a tour of the Near East.

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for the traditional friends of freedom.

There is nothing very simple anywhere in the Middle East and Mr. Resner is too good a reporter to pretend that his book is anything more than a series of observations and ideas by a sensitive, informed, alert American. He is a human being rather than a robot; so he does not pretend to be completely objective. Most of the time he is shocked and angry, and he explains why. Again he is inspired, and he tells the reason. In discussing the Americans, most of whom seem to be Texans, who are daily carrying harried Jews from almost every Moslem country to Israel, Mr. Resner is quietly respectful.

In his last chapter Mr. Resner discusses the role he wishes his country could play among the oppressed people with whom he has spent a year. The best way to win the friendship not only of the Jews but of all oppressed people would be to "hire a man named Dr. Joseph J. Schwartz. Give him a five-billion-dollar budget for a two-year period." Within that time, Mr. Resner believes, Dr. Schwartz, who is overseas director of the American Joint Distribution Committee, could begin to solve most of the world's social problems.

However, since such an undertaking is unlikely to receive much attention either in the present Congress or, no matter what happens in November, in the one that follows, Mr. Resner believes the JDC provides about the best possible holding operation.

Here, as elsewhere in "Eternal Stranger," Lawrence Resner has stated his beliefs concisely and with eloquence; he has written an important and thoughtful book.

Reflections of Soviet Policy

THE JEWS IN THE SOVIET UNION. By Solomon M. Schwarz. Syracuse, N. Y.: Syracuse University Press. 380 pp. $5.

By David J. Dallin

THE author of this outstanding work on the history and fate of the Jewish population in the Soviet Union has written a number of significant books and monographs on Soviet economy and social conditions and the political situation in Russia. In 1917 he served in a high position in the Ministry of Labor of the Provisional Government; in 1922 he was ordered deported from the Soviet Union by the GPU. He has since lived in Germany, France, and this country, and has risen to the status of an eminent expert on Russia's social conditions and economic development.

According to Mr. Schwarz's presentation, Soviet policy toward the Jewish minority is a component part of Soviet policy in general: every shift in policy, every maneuver and zigzag in Soviet foreign and internal affairs, is reflected in the legal and economic situation of the Jewish population. In the thirty-four years of Soviet history the relatively best period, from the viewpoint of the Jewish population, was the 1920's, when memories of prerevolutionary oppression were still alive; at the time the Soviet Government was trying to leave to the Jews as many rights and facilities as were compatible with the one-party state and the rigid dictatorship. Local Jewish communities, with Yiddish as the official language, were permitted to emerge in the Ukraine and in the Crimea; Jewish schools were counted by the hundreds; a large number of newspapers and magazines in Yiddish started to appear; a number of Jewish theatres opened. Anti-Semitism among the Russian population, which, according to the author, never died out completely, was at its lowest level at this period. A number of formerly anti-Communist Jewish leaders (members of the Jewish Bund) joined Lenin's party in the hope that this would be a means to great achievements.

With the advent of "industrialization" and the "collectivization of farms" in the Thirties the situation began to change. Jewish merchants, tolerated under the NEP, were persecuted along with their families; Jewish peasants were subjected to the same treatment as the others. Large numbers of Jewish farmers had to leave their former abodes. Soon a general shift in the attitude of the Kremlin toward national minorities became manifest; the trend toward centralization and regimentation became prevalent.

Then the last vestiges of autonomy of the Ukrainian, Byelorussian and other national Communist groups were abolished, and the cultural, scientific, and art institutions of the Jewish minority nearly ceased to exist. In 1919 there had been fifty-eight periodicals appearing in Yiddish or Hebrew; in 1921 there were sixty-two; by 1939 only five had survived. During the great purge of 1936-1938 a large number—certainly the majority—of Jewish Communist leaders were liquidated.

The exact figures supplied by Mr. Schwarz on the extermination of the Jewish population by the Nazis during World War II are striking. Four-fifths of the Jewish population of Russia lived in the territories that were overrun by the German armies in 1943. The Jewish population of the Soviet Union in 1939 was somewhat in excess of 3,100,000; in the areas annexed by the Soviet Union in 1939-1940 there were an additional 1,900,000. Of this total of over 5,000,000 only 1,800,000 were alive when the war ended.

Mr. Schwarz refutes the legend credited by a number of American writers during and after the war, namely, that the Soviet Government

—I. S. I. Photo.

London Square, Tel Aviv—"most of Israel's first million came from Europe."

David J. Dallin is the author of "The Real Soviet Russia," "Forced Labor in Soviet Russia," and other books.

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rescued millions of Jews from extermination by the Nazis. As a matter of fact, the Jewish population of the Western territories was not aware of the mortal danger implied in the German advance; evacuation of the civilian population to the East was made almost impossible. What is more, the Soviet authorities tried to conceal from the population the fact that the Nazi atrocities were directed mainly against the Jews; for propaganda purposes official Soviet announcements and documents spoke of systematic mass extermination of "Soviet citizens" in general. Mr. Schwarz offers abundant evidence that on the eve of the Nazi occupation large numbers of Jews decided to stay where they had lived, and fell prey to Hitler's extermination squads.

The end of the war did not improve the legal and moral situation of the Jewish minority. The growth of a new Russian nationalism, proclaimed by Stalin in his speech of May 24, 1945, was accompanied by a new wave of governmental anti-Semitism, and this new trend soon bore rich fruit. The last Jewish newspaper, *Einigkeit,* was closed down in December 1948; a vociferous campaign against the "cosmopolites" was unleashed in 1949. The number of Jewish schools decreased rapidly, and admittance of Jews to certain institutions was made impossible.

The tragic story of the so-called Jewish Autonomous Area of Birobidjan belongs to the most interesting chapters of the book. The creation of this Jewish semi-state, hailed as a significant step toward the solution of the Jewish question, was actually motivated by the turn of Soviet-Japanese relations and by the growing tension in the Far East. Despite the fact that abundant funds were donated by Jewish organizations of the West, Birobidjan's economy did not progress, and the flight of new migrants soon reached unbelievable proportions. Birobidjan did not fulfill the expectations of either Western Jewish groups or the Soviet Government. Finally, a few weeks after this book was published, the "Jewish Autonomous Territory of Birobidjan" was dissolved and the area incorporated into the large, purely Russian Khabarovsk province of the Far East.

Drawing his conclusions from Mr. Schwarz's work, Alvin Johnson rightly observes in the foreword to the book: "Under despotism all citizens suffer the loss of freedom; but the members of minority groups suffer doubly, both individually and collectively. This truth is again confirmed by the careful analysis of the fate of Jews under totalitarian Communism."

Interviews in the Orient

THE VOICE OF ASIA. By James A. Michener. New York: Random House. 338 pp. $3.50.

BY JOHN FREDERICK MUEHL

ONE of the most dangerous things that an author can do, if he is planning to write a book on an Asian subject, is to announce his intentions among that alcoholic crowd which goes as the "International Set" in the large cities of the Far East. In the parlance of the Bombay cocktail parties there is something known as "another book about Asia," and it is only the youthful, or those far gone with drink, who will lay themselves open to the charge of planning one.

In the main, the antagonism of Old Asia Hands can be written off as a suspicion of any fresh approach, but as with most folk sayings and cliches of thought there is at least a grain of truth along with the acrimony. For it is true that there is something about the Asian scene which betrays even the best men into oversimplifications, something which makes enthusiasm and raw goodwill seem like adequate substitutes for knowledge and spadework. It is precisely this problem which is raised by the appraisal of James Michener's newest book, "The Voice of Asia," for if there are two things which particularly characterize this work, they are the soundness of its instinct and the unsoundness of its method.

In its simplest terms "The Voice of Asia" is a report on an extensive tour by its author covering almost the whole of Southeast Asia and presented as a series of reconstructed interviews. Beginning with a discussion of the occupation of Japan the focus of the book proceeds both geographically and logically, westward across the periphery of the continent and forward from occupation, through colonialism, to freedom. Throughout the journey there is a sharp awareness of time which gives the book most of the power that it possesses, and an equally sharp sense of reality arising out of the quotations, direct in more ways than one. The real message of the book, for it has a message, is that the West must recognize the integrity of Asia, that we must stop trying to maneuver the backing of governments and must begin making our appeal to the real needs of the people. In defining these needs Mr. Michener is often vague, but the truth of his thesis is no less valid for that; the conclusions he draws seem both accurate and courageous in an age that suffers from both hysteria and McCarthy.

But unfortunately, at some point in the reading of "The Voice of Asia," one inevitably begins to ask the question whether Michener is actually drawing conclusions from experience or ordering his experiences to prove certain conclusions. The feeling is inescapable, and there is evidence to support it, that James Michener, as of last year, was not naive about Asia; yet the pretense of the book is that at the beginning of his travels the author's mind was a virtual *tabula rasa.* Be that as it may be, the fact remains that the very experiences which Michener relates simply do not speak loudly enough to the average reader to justify the complex conclusions which are drawn from them. The author confesses in an admirably frank foreword that he was usually at the mercy of local interpreters and he points out, though here he seems to do it with some pride, that his experiences were confined to "120 Asians." Moreover, these interviews were truly random, convenience and availability determining the selection; Michener points out in his foreword that the book contains contradictory statements which he has not sought to reconcile.

Some amazing errors result from all this. In his section on India the

(*Continued on page* 28)

John Frederick Muehl is the author of "American Sahib" and "Interview with India."

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Ambassador A-1 for the U.S.

ROCHELLE GIRSON

YUKIO MISHIMA is a pleasant young man whose sixteen books are not only well liked in Japan's best literary circles but have prospered him sufficiently to provide "a vagabond's trip around the world." Two weeks ago, having—and needing—no other friends in New York, he was being squired around town by the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, a big-brotherhood of the International Congress for Cultural Freedom whose purpose is to create closer bonds with citizens of other countries on as personal basis as possible. Now, having secured Sesame for Mishima to a number of hit musicals and operas, introduced him to the local intelligentsia, as well as plain, everyday Americans and the press, the Committee is confident that the twenty-seven-year-old novelist-essayist-playwright is going to be an ambassador A-1 for the U.S. An ambassador of some persuasion, too, because Yukio will be reporting his travels for Japan's largest newspaper, *Asahi*.

"The Occupation's effect on Japanese literature has been extremely beneficial," Mr. Mishima told us. "It eliminated censorship—formal and informal—so that today, for instance, any kind of erotic literature is acceptable. As a result 300,000 copies of 'Lady Chatterly's Lover' have been sold in Japan, and the book is the subject of enormous controversy. Then, with the postwar psychological readjustment writers have tended to become more liberal and released from convention. The consequence has been a greater interest in the social novel than the traditional, so-called 'private' or 'personal' novel, which is based on the individual's experiences.

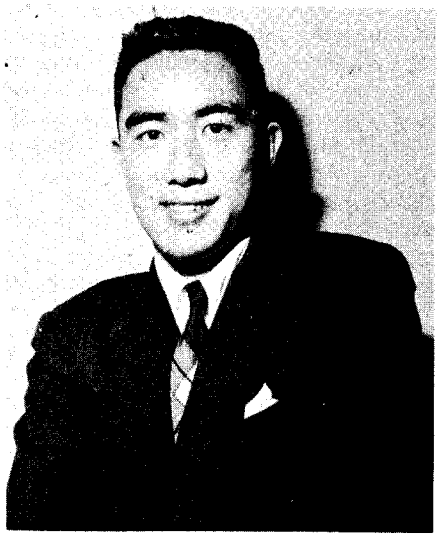
"But democratization has brought difficulties in other areas. In the labor movement, in order to restore it to a sound condition and hold back the Communist influence, there have been problems of suppression. And in land reform the lack of understanding of Japanese life has led Americans to a number of mistakes. Particularly with the inheritance of property, which formerly went entirely to the oldest son. Now, by dividing property equally among survivors no one is able to make a living from it, because of the smallness of the land involved."

The writer's place in the Japanese social structure, however, has risen considerably since the war, Mr. Mishima said. "People used to say, 'Don't let your daughter marry a writer!' But because of the inflation, and from the tax point of view, writers are relatively better off than other people. So they are very respectable nowadays. . . . In what may be termed the middle- and low-brow areas there is no problem for them in making a living—not on the exalted level of the American writer, of course [American writers, take note], but they can get along very comfortably. The tendency lately has been to get away from the potboiler and concentrate on what they call 'pure literature.'

"As far as I am concerned," Mr. Mishima continued, "there is a very delicate problem of balance, because I write no low-brow literature. The extent of my concession would be to write middle-brow from time to time."

Mr. Mishima was born in Tokyo, the son of a bureau chief in the Ministry of Agriculture and Forestry. At the age of thirteen he began writing for the students' magazine at Peer School, and in 1944 he entered Tokyo Imperial University in the Department of Jurisprudence, from which he was subsequently graduated. In 1944 he also published his first novel, which netted him 1,200 yen, and two years later he was de facto on the literary stage when PEN Club President Kawabata Yasanari wrote an essay about him.

He is not associated with any school of writing in Japan, where he is regarded as unconventional because he derives his major inspiration from the pre-Meiji novelists of 150 years ago, when fiction was diffuse and lacking real construction. That is the principal difference between the American novel and his, he said. Mishima writes almost entirely about modern life and love—omitting war stories, because he's too young to have had any war experience. "My love stories are not romantic," he noted. "I regard myself as a psychological novelist. Although Freud had a period of popularity in Japan, I don't think that he or any of the scientific psychologists have influenced me at all. The principal influences on my own writing have been the psychological novelists of France."



Yukio Mishima—"unconventional."

French literature is extraordinarily popular in Japan, Mishima said, with translations available of the complete works of Mauriac and Gide. Of American writers, Faulkner is way out front—at least among educated people—while a recent translation of "Moby-Dick" is selling like rice cakes. "Gone with the Wind" is the favorite among historical novels, which in general have the appeal there, he said, of cowboy stories here—as adventure tales. "But in Japan," Mishima said, "the historical novel doesn't seem to require so much sex."

OTHERWISE, it is just like in the U.S.: Sex sells books for many of the 200 to 300 professional novelists in the country. There are no Nipponese book clubs, but techniques of advertising and promotion have been highly developed for a long time. Excluding pocket books, Mr. Mishima estimated that the regular edition of a best seller would be 150,000 to 200,000.

Poetry, however, doesn't sell at all, despite there being more high-level literary magazines in Japan than America. One, in fact, on an intellectual plane somewhere between the *Atlantic* and *Partisan Review*, has a circulation of 400,000.

A movie based on one of Mishima's books is currently running in Tokyo, and he has, besides, written three plays, all of which have been produced in the experimental theatre, which in Japan is somewhat less circumscribed than ours. They are adaptations of the traditional Noh play, whose entire action takes place in one act, and he intends to do more. He has also done the story, as well as some of the critical points of action, for two ballets—one for geishas—but has yet to see any American, French, or Russian ballet.

"Most authors are unusual," Mishima remarked. "If they weren't unusual, they wouldn't be writers. But as one I think I am representative . . . I'm lucky. I write smoothly. No trouble."

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Strange Paradox

IN VAN WYCK BROOKS's final chapter of "The Confident Years," which brings to an end his four-volume literary history of America, he presents the most satisfactory explanation we have read of the dilemma in which the best of our modern writers have been placed. They had worshiped, among other strange gods, at the feet of T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound; Pound who was "in the venal sense scarcely a traitor—he was only a traitor to human hope, Jefferson's phrase that applied to Eliot as well," Eliot, who had abandoned his American citizenship and had "spread a philosophy of literature through the academic world, especially in America, the basis of which was a virtual denial of whatever gave literature in America its historic importance." What it had given was, of course, hope that the human race was not condemned to live in a state of wars, irremediable evils, or of quiet despair but had the capacity for regeneration and even the creation of a utopian existence for which the French and American revolutions had cleared the way. Aside from Thomas Wolfe few of our foremost writers seem to have understood that, to use Mr. Eliot's words, "a race for whom Huckleberry Finn was a hero could not be made to believe sincerely that human beings were nothing but miserable sinners." Another phrase of his, chanted by the chorus in his play "Family Reunion," "I am afraid of all that has happened and all that is to come, might," says Mr. Brooks, "have been the motto of a day which took Eliot as a mouthpiece."

There would appear to be more reason for the influence on our writers of Franz Kafka's obscurantism, or the despair of the auto-intoxicated Existentialists, than any philosophy that Pound and Eliot could provide, for both of them denied the tradition of America, which had left an indelible impression on the rest of the world, the tradition of freedom based on revolution and of opportunity for a new and wider life for which millions of aliens had escaped from Europe to this continent. Ezra Pound found a refuge for his hope for a better world in Mussolini and Fascist Italy. Eliot retreated to England, where he hoped for another kind of ordered life, provided on the one hand by the Anglican Church, of which he wrote that it was not authoritarian, or Tory, enough; and on the other hand by a stable social order. "Eliot liked to contemplate," Mr. Brooks writes, "the existence of what he calls 'laboring class Christians,' he liked to think of yokels 'attached to the soil' in a 'pleasantly graded society' in which 'the lower class still exists,' though perhaps, alas, 'it will not exist for long.'"

The denial that there is anything good or hopeful in life, and especially in American life, is not only the prerogative of many of our novelists but also of our poets in whose work are revealed the influences of Eliot and the spirit and involved craftsmanship of Ezra Pound. Mr. Brooks quotes a few resounding phrases from John Gould Fletcher. "A fierce inveterate Calvinism of the spirit, the world-blasting medieval Catholicism (of Eliot and his disciples) was not universal in American poetry, now under the shadow of damnation. To this have come all the fierce hopes, the daring adventurous enterprises, the vivid imaginative insights of all those poets who had set themselves to fulfil Whitman's predictions and make a new poetry for a new world."

It is not necessary to believe that American writers will long continue to portray wretchedness and fear as their major themes. However honest has been their apostasy from the American creed that there is nothing so bad that it cannot be made better, and that we are the people to know how to do it, they have only to look about them to see that courage and faith in the future are reviving, though they have never been obliterated from the minds of the vast majority of our people. The disillusionment in the discovery that after two world wars and a long depression our lives and our security were still in dire peril was inevitable. It is now time to rediscover in this continent and in our past history the sources of our strength, the inexhaustible spirit which has led us so far toward our hope for the freedom and the unity of all mankind. It is time that the strange paradox under which our writers have been laboring should come to an end. For too long they have revealed their disgust with the immutable facts of history, and they have chosen as their mentors those who understood us the least or disliked us the most, men who had no faith in the heart of the American belief in the destiny of this country and the progress of mankind.

—H. S.

National Book Awards

THE third annual National Book Awards, representing the entire book industry, have been given to a thirty-one-year-old novelist for his first book, to the editor-in-chief of the United States Fish and Wildlife Service, and to a poetess of sixty-six who has recently received the Bollingen Prize in Poetry. Despite some misgivings about some of its language, the critics gave a generally enthusiastic reception to James Jones's 880-page account of our peacetime Army, "From Here to Eternity." They were unanimously in favor of Rachel Carson's astonishing combination of scientific accuracy and poetic imagination, "The Sea Around Us." Both books headed the best-seller lists for many months. Readers and critics of modern poetry must also approve of the award to Marianne Moore for her "Collected Poems" since she is, as the distinguished judges of the Poetry Award have stated, "one of the few true inventors of poetry in our time."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Correspondence Personals

SIR: Only those who are on nobody's mailing list could possibly quarrel with your decision to discontinue the advertisements inviting correspondence. These ads were becoming more and more banal with every issue. Even if no one was getting hurt, certainly not many advertisers (or respondents) were getting much "help"—in the true meaning of the term. One can only wonder why you hung on so long to this tradition. Perhaps because it *was* a tradition. This reader definitely favors the break.

DEAN W. KUYKENDALL.

Tempe, Ariz.

SIR: It is too bad that you people have become so wealthy that you now discard a "liberal" practice that probably contributed much to your present "fat" circulation. . . . One of the poorest functionings of our present-day society is that which has to do with the introduction of men to women, boys to girls. Things like your PERSONALS columns were a step in the right direction. True, there were screwballs, but humanity is full of them. You cannot avoid them. Would you eliminate our streets because people are killed on them now and then? . . .

RUSS SOLWAR.

Elizabeth, N. J.

SIR: I have read *The Saturday Review* for years, always turning first to the PERSONALS for the amusement, wonder, and human sympathy they stimulate. I doubt that such advertisements ever brought you much trouble, and am confident that most readers who might answer them could well take care of themselves. It is disillusioning to learn that you ran such ads with trepidation, and for financial reasons only—that when your magazine found it could afford to be more "respectable" it became so!

ROBERT T. PATTERSON.

Washington, D. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It is true that* SRL's *mounting circulation caused the discontinuance of the* PERSONALS, *but not for the "financial reasons" implied by Mr. Patterson and Mr. Solwar. It was simply that a large circulation made adequate monitoring of the correspondence advertisements impossible.*

SIR: The reason that I am especially glad you dropped the PERSONALS out of *The Saturday Review* is that they were like first instalments of continued stories. The second instalments were never printed. Probably there never was a want ad published anywhere that did not have human interest behind it somewhere. Ever since you began to print the PERSONALS, I have torn out that sheet or clipped out those that seemed to convey a legitimate *wistfulness*. For fun I have even tried to match together a few of those that seemed to be really imaginative in their appeals. Maybe out of a hundred pages that I have saved there are about a score that pack a real wallop. Perhaps because I have been for more than forty years a country preacher, I have been especially interested in these *needy* folks.

OTIS MOORE.

Long Eddy, N. Y.

SIR: The passing of the penny postal on January 1 was a hard blow to take, but coming so soon on top of that, in less than a week, the announcement about the PERSONALS columns was too much to bear. . . . What is the worst that could happen? A girl might become pregnant; a woman might lose some money. Both happen continually without the parties ever having heard of *The Saturday Review*.

WILLIAM MARON.

Jersey City, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Yes, people get into trouble all the time. However,* The Saturday Review *would rather not be the means of introducing victim to malefactor.*

SIR: It is most regrettable, indeed, that you discontinued your PERSONAL columns, which for so many years have been a clearing house for contacting minds of more than average intelligence. . . .

F. C. ROSE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: By reading those ads I ran across a job offer that I answered. I later secured the position, a place with a fashionable boarding school for girls in New England. By taking and holding that position for two years I got out of a rut that I might otherwise still be in. Since then I have not let myself become wedded to any job. Furthermore, that journey back and forth to New England meant that I became familiar with both Boston and New York City, as well as a few historical places in the area. Now you are discontinuing a feature that indirectly led to a much needed change in my way of life. O tempora! O mores!

MADGE CRANE.

Tipton, Ind.

EDITOR'S NOTE: SRL *is delighted that readers have found jobs through the classified advertisement columns. Of course, requests for and offers of employment are still being accepted for inclusion in the advertising columns. This feature is by no means being discontinued.*

SIR: Words cannot express my feelings toward your new policy of discontinuing publication of ads inviting correspondence. They were a mighty interesting feature. What do you plan to replace them with? The only soothing item I can suggest offhand is America's No. 1 comic strip—namely, Lil Abner!

DON PUCKETT.

Wausau, Wisc.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"It's not that we're afraid—we just can't afford to defeat any more countries."

"The Perils of Conformity"

SIR: A word of appreciation for the article by Claude M. Fuess, "The Perils of Conformity" [*SRL* Jan. 12]. In it we find a brilliant and factual evaluation of our modern trend, our blind fear of being "different," and a sharp prod to our conformist tendencies.

DON KOHRS.

Burlington, Iowa.

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Seeing Things

THE AMAZING MR. FERRER

—*Alfredo Valente.*

Jose Ferrer (Judith Evelyn, Arthur Jarrett)—"notable performance of a notable career."

BECAUSE Shakespeare and Molière were actors, because Ibsen and Shaw were directors, some people seem to believe that the actor or director who has written a successful play has, therefore, become a man of letters. As "The Shrike"* makes clear, however, a script by an actor-director such as Joseph Kramm, though it can be extremely effective theatre, may be lacking in literary subtleties or excellences.

Mr. Kramm's drama has, as a stage piece, many factors in its favor. Its theme is shuddery. Its setting is bound to exert an appalling fascination. Its direction takes full advantage of everything compelling in both its subject and background. Its acting is on the whole admirable and in the case of José Ferrer brilliant.

Mr. Kramm is telling, as mercilessly as he should, the tragic story of a husband, a failure in the theatre, who, finding himself a prisoner in the psychiatric wards of such a city hospital as Bellevue, has no chance of getting out except by becoming the life-prisoner of his wife.

The husband in question has no fondness for his wife. The two of them have been separated for some months, and he is attached to another woman. In his despair over his personal and professional griefs he has sought to take his own life by swallowing a hundred and fifty-six sleeping pills. But, the laws of New York being what they are, his wife has the power to keep him in the hospital after his attempted suicide. This she does until he is so broken that, in order to gain his release, he pretends he loves her, abandoning all hopes of ever being a free man once he has gone home with her in her custody. So much for "The Shrike's" theme, which plainly has in it the stuffs not only of an enthralling guignol but also of something far more terrible and important.

Now to the setting. Plays laid in hospitals start out, as "Men in White" proved long ago, with a macabre interest in their favor. Since most people in an audience either have had, or know that sooner or later they will have, their bouts with Gatch beds, hypodermics, operating tables, and intravenous feeding, theatregoers are pushovers for dramas dealing with these cheerful necessities.

Add the horror of insanity to the rigors of ordinary hospital care, fill a stage with the mentally unwell, put steel netting over the windows in a dismal ward, dwell on the possible cruelties or stupidities of inmates, nurses, psychiatrists, and members of the family—and the ante of ghoulish fascination is instantly raised. When the details and terrors of such a background are as vividly suggested as they are by Howard Bay, the result is bound to represent dramatic capital which yields an interest quite apart from the merits of the writing.

If audiences take to clinical procedures like ducks to water, so do actors. Next to opera capes, Winterhalter gowns, military get-ups, or imperial robes, the white coats of doctors and the severe uniforms of nurses are the costumes in which they appear to enjoy themselves most. They like sitting at gray desks under shaded lamps at one end of a darkened room, and going around calling each other "Doctor" or "Nurse" in hushed tones. They relish ministering to the bedridden or cross-examining the ill, as incarnations of either shining mercy or disguised cruelty. They realize instinctively that a hypodermic lends them as much authority as a broadsword or a dagger. Not unnaturally, they dote on the life-and-death power which becomes theirs when they pretend to have earned certificates or hung out shingles.

Actors find equal pleasure in playing mad people or those just slightly moonstruck. And why not? Strait jackets are an escape from mufti and the dull confines of ordinary realism. Eyes can roll, groans can be released, whimpering or shouting indulged in, or faces frozen into mute agony, in ways which would not be permitted in dramas dealing with the healthy.

AS A director Mr. Ferrer has, and gives, his medical fun in seizing upon all the grim facts of a psychiatric ward. He knows precisely when to release a melodramatic scene to the full and when to make it the more powerful by having it underplayed. Indeed, the restraint of his touch contributes enormously to the evening's illusion and suspense.

It would be hard to see how most of the secondary parts, whether patients, doctors, or attendants, could be better played, and impossible to imagine a performance more complete or telling than Mr. Ferrer's acting of the trapped husband. Mr. Ferrer is one of the most amazingly endowed people in our

*THE SHRIKE, by Joseph Kramm. Directed by José Ferrer. Setting by Howard Bay. Costumes by Edith Lutyens. Presented by Mr. Ferrer in association with Milton Baron. With a cast including José Ferrer, Judith Evelyn, Philip Huston, Will Kuluva, Kendall Clark, Leigh Whipper, Will Lee, Isabel Bonner, etc. At the Cort Theatre, New York City. Opened January 15, 1952.

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7th Ave. & 50th St.
ROXY
DOORS OPEN 10:30 A.M.
SHELLEY WINTERS
GARY MERRILL
MICHAEL RENNIE
KEENAN WYNN
also starring
BETTE DAVIS
20th CENTURY-FOX presents
Phone Call From a Stranger
with EVELYN VARDEN
Written for the Screen and Produced by
NUNNALLY JOHNSON
Directed by
JEAN NEGULESCO
ON STAGE — Special
JOHNNY JOHNSTON · George TAPPS
Extra Added Attraction
FLORENCE DESMOND
and other big acts!
50¢ CHILDREN UNDER 12 ALL TIMES

"A SOLID BROADWAY HIT!" — LIFE Magazine
"Best New Play of the Season" — WATTS, Post
JULIE HARRIS in
I am a Camera
a new play by
JOHN VAN DRUTEN
adapted from the stories of CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD
with
WILLIAM PRINCE
EMPIRE, B'way, 40 St. Evgs 8:40. Mats Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE!" — THE NEW YORKER (from London)
S. HUROK presents
EMLYN WILLIAMS
AS
Charles Dickens
GIVING A SOLO PERFORMANCE OF SCENES FROM THE FAMOUS NOVELS AND STORIES
LIMITED ENGAGEMENT
Eves. incl. Sun. 8:40, Mats. Wed., Sat. 2:40
GOLDEN THEATRE, 45 St. West of B'way

theatre. A man who can triumph in "Charley's Aunt," "Cyrano," and "Twentieth Century," and turn from directing such current successes as "Stalag 17" and "The Fourposter" to directing and starring in "The Shrike" is a person whose versatility, more than being beyond question, is almost beyond belief. In Mr. Kramm's melodrama Mr. Ferrer, so quiet, pinioned, and heartbreaking, is giving one of the notable performances of a notable career.

For all these many reasons "The Shrike" proves engrossing as a theatre piece. If it fails to be more than that, the explanation lies in Mr. Kramm's writing, or rather his lack of writing. In particular, it lies in his failure to delve deeply into the special temperament of a frustrated artist; in the haziness with which he has written the all-important part of the wife; and in the unrevealing manner in which the wife is played by Judith Evelyn. Mr. Kramm's theme, of a man ruined by and at the mercy of a possessive woman, is one Strindberg would have cherished. But where Strindberg would have developed such a theme into a bruising tragedy, it shrinks under Mr. Kramm's treatment into no more than an interesting and unusual melodrama.

Mr. Kramm's title rightly places the emphasis upon the wife. According to the program, a shrike is a predatory bird, described more specifically in the dictionary as feeding chiefly on insects and often impaling its prey on thorns. Yet, as written and acted, it is the husband's weakness rather than the wife's strength which is stressed. She is seen by the audience as she is seen by the nurses and doctors—a character sweet and devoted. The true measure of her cruelty is never established. It has to be guessed at. And this cruelty born of possessiveness and twisted affection would, if really laid bare and explored, add immensely to the interest of Mr. Kramm's script. It would give an importance to the writing which the play cannot now claim, satisfactory and absorbing though it is as theatre.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

Broadway Postscript

"COME OF AGE" is "The Cocktail Party" not come of age. Back in 1934 Clemence Dane and Richard Addinsell collaborated to write in doggerel and in jazz a romantic fantasy about a young poet hurled forward from 1770 into the jaded society of contemporary London.

The tie-up between Thomas Chatterton and his modern counterpart is farfetched and obscure, and Guthrie Mc-

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In A New Musical Play
The King and I
Music by
RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
with YUL BRYNNER
TERRY SAUNDERS · DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
ST. JAMES THEA., 44 St. W. of B'way
Eves. at 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:25
R & H
Presented in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
MARTHA WRIGHT
GEORGE BRITTON
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC, 44th Street W. of B'way
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30
MONDAY EVES. ONLY: CURTAIN AT 7 SHARP

"Wonderful Theatre... a Musical Jamboree!" —Atkinson, Times
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
JAMES BARTON in
PAINT YOUR WAGON
Book & Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with OLGA SAN JUAN
TONY BAVAAR
JAMES MITCHELL
Scenery OLIVER SMITH
Costumes MOTLEY
Musical Director FRANZ ALLERS
Lighting Peggy Clark
Orchestrations Ted Royal
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
Entire production directed by DANIEL MANN
SAM S. SHUBERT Thea. W. 44th St.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:30

Leland Hayward presents
Ethel Merman
in
"Call Me Madam"
with RICHARD EASTHAM
ALAN HEWITT ● RUSSELL NYPE
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
IMPERIAL, 241 W. 45th St.
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

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Café Chambord

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MANERO'S

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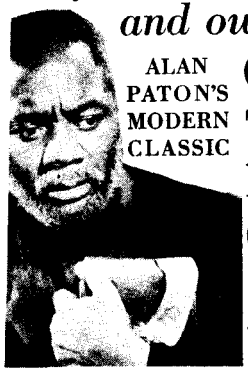
WESTPORT AND GREENWICH, CONN.

"UPROARIOUSLY FUNNY!"
—BROWN, Sat. Review of Lit.
Leland Hayward presents
"REMAINS TO BE SEEN"
A New Comedy by Howard Lindsay & Russel Crouse
JANIS PAIGE—JACKIE COOPER
James Rennie-Warner Anderson
MOROSCO THEATRE
W. 45 St. Mats Wed. & Sat.

The book you have always wanted to read and own



ALAN PATON'S MODERN CLASSIC
CRY THE BELOVED COUNTRY
now only $1.69
SCRIBNERS

BUY U.S.
SAVINGS BONDS

Clintic's direction, which concentrated on the poet's callowness rather than on his sensitivity and intellect, didn't help matters. However, Judith Anderson, as the sophisticated lady he falls in love with, finds moments in the play which show her off at the peak of her ability. The cocktail party scene in which she gradually works herself into a drunken rage is a masterpiece of terror and self-destruction.

The rhyme in the play is most effective when it is used to make some quick comment about super-civilized goings on. Elsewhere it tends to interfere with the continuity, like the wrong kind of saw cutting across the grain.

People who take their theatre seriously should thank City Center for giving them the opportunity of seeing a special technique in embryo and a great actress in full blossom. But only the aficionado can be expected to let these benefits outweigh such liabilities as the "Burma-Shave verse" and the voice of death which sounded about as frightening as a Halloween prankster. —HENRY HEWES.

An Actor's Thoughts

REFLECTIONS ON THE THEATRE. By Jean-Louis Barrault. Translated by Barbara Wall. Macmillan. $4.50. M. Barrault is one of those actors who is concerned with the theatre as a "human communion." Such devoutness is apt to seem pretentious to Americans, and will probably limit the readership of his book to theatre people. For the latter, however, it contains not only abstract affirmations, but also specific suggestions as to techniques to be explored by the serious actor. These include training of the body for the mime, double breathing (one for the actor and one for the role), and variations in diction. In addition M. Barrault offers his reactions to most of the usual questions theatre folk like to bat around.

The forty-one-year-old Barrault, who is best known to American audiences for his portrayal of the pantomimist, Baptiste, in the French film "Children of Paradise," is one of contemporary Paris's leading actors. The story of his life in the theatre could have furnished an engrossing and human picture of the French theatrical scene. Somehow it never fully achieves this potentiality. M. Barrault is forever slipping into his metaphysical reflections, which, interesting as they may be, do disrupt the train of thought for the general reader.

Incidentally one of the wisest observations in the book is that the theatre needs a regular clientele rather than subsidies. —H. H.

IDEA OF THE SOLDIER

(*Continued from page* 10)

from the womb. The miracle was not only that two had summoned another out of void—one equipped perhaps to be greater than they—but had also fashioned one unidentical with any other of the billions of men living and dead. Then, to the extent possible, the uniqueness of his personality was trampled out of him in the winepress of the military. A rifle was put in his hand and, bridegroom of death, he was married to it. Every day, with the rising of the sun and the setting of the sun, the silver bugle witness to its coming up and its going down, he was reminded of his marriage. He was still in our world but no longer completely of it, for now he belonged to an order that claimed him for its own and set him apart from us.

AT the moment of his birth another infant boy was born in another country. In time he, too, was put in uniform and a rifle was placed in his hand. The soldiers in many ways are more alike than those they defend. This is especially true of officers and the truer as the rank rises. But one day, through inexplicable circumlocutions in time and space, the two soldiers meet and destroy one another on a battlefield, their dust mingling perhaps with the dust of others, so like them, destroyed there long ago.

Nor was it the war dead alone of whom I thought. I felt with a twinge of pain the destruction of the Alexandrian library; the burning of hundreds of Greek sculptures of the Parthenon to make limestone. These are crimes against the race forever and forever.

We Jews knew things. They were in the marrow of our ancient bones. Other men also knew them. But we knew them as contemporaries; almost from the dawn of history to this day. Why, then, I wondered, did no one come to me and say: "Brother, companion with me on this transient journey of life, let us first partake together of bitter herbs and unleavened bread as your people are wont to partake of them in commemoration of your going out from the land of Egypt, and then counsel together how we may remove the blight of war from the earth." No one came. No one asked.

So it was when Sancho Panza talked long to his donkey in the forest. "And," said Cervantes in a moving evocation of human loneliness, "the donkey did not answer."

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SRL Goes to the Movies

KAZAN AND BRANDO OUTDOORS

TWENTIETH-CENTURY, in recent years the most enterprising of Hollywood's major studios, has obviously brought up its heaviest artillery for the making of "Viva Zapata!," a study of the Mexican peasant revolutionary, who for ten years led continual uprisings against dictators and presidents, all singlemindedly on behalf of the wholesale land reforms he desired for his downtrodden peon cohorts. The line-up of high-powered talent Darryl Zanuck obtained for the treatment of this striking subject includes Elia Kazan, as director, John Steinbeck, screen writer, and Marlon Brando for the Zapata role. As further evidence of the importance Zanuck attached to the movie, an "all New York cast" was brought in for the lesser roles, among them Joseph Wiseman, Anthony Quinn, Margot, Arnold Moss, Harold Gordon, and Mildred Dunnock. Using actors who have gained their experience on the stage rather than in studios is supposed to, *a priori*, give a movie extra distinction, known in Hollywood as "class." The only Hollywood ringer I could discern was Jean Peters (who portrays Zapata's Mexican wife), a pretty young woman Twentieth-Century has been grooming for the last five years. However, somewhere, somehow, the sights were misaligned; since we're this far advanced with the image I've chosen I might as well come out flatly by announcing that for me the end result has by and large misfired.

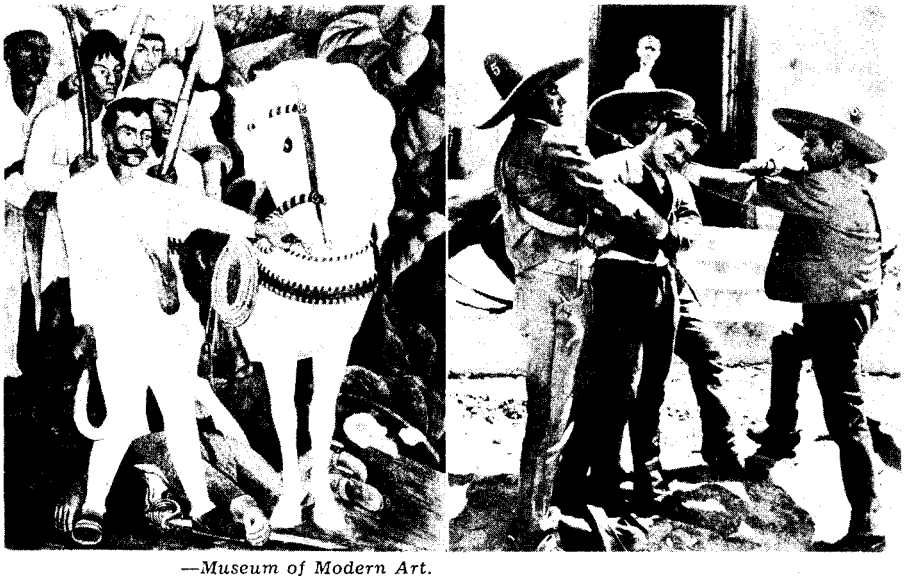
If Kazan had not directed, if Steinbeck hadn't done the treatment, and if Brando had not been the star, there would be little cause for lifted eyebrows over the movie. What, after all, is one to expect from Hollywood, which has shilly-shallied over far less explosive historical material than this in the past. Actually, I suppose "Viva Zapata!" is a cut above the average for the genre. There are some interesting scenes, and Brando manages to breath some occasional life into a conception of Zapata that is not too far from the accounts we have been given of him. And if liberties have been taken with recorded historical events, in general, and in a highly simplified way, the basic pattern of the time has been followed.

The main disappointment comes from the fact that Kazan, when allowed outdoors in wild and wooly country, seems uncertain and uneasy, and falls into cliches of action that a competent director of Westerns usually knows how to avoid. This disappointment is profound enough, but hard upon it is one that comes from Steinbeck's writing. He has, in the main, written a bombastic and wooden script, filled with stock phrases on the order of "A strong people does not need a strong man," and propounding a homely pleasant philosophy that falls sourly upon the ear.

The movie takes up Zapata when he becomes a spokesman for the dispossessed peasant farmers. Shortly he is elevated into a leader of guerrilla forces against the government. He is a simple man, illiterate, and burning with the sense of injustice. He revolts against the dictator Diaz, joins forces with Madero (who is too weak and gentlemanly to bring peace to Mexico), and when land reforms are not forthcoming turns against him. Marlon Brando alternates between moments of convincingness and moments of uncomfortable resemblance to Stanley Kowalski. In order to look more like the Rivera portraits of Zapata he has had his nostrils flared out with plastic bands, and his eyelids glued together at the edges. The result is quite Mexican looking. So are the scenic backgrounds, even though the picture was shot entirely on the Texas side of the Rio Grande. It seems that the Mexican Government (perhaps all too soundly) didn't take kindly to the idea of a Hollywood filming of the legendary Zapata story, and wouldn't allow the company on the premises. This, evidently, is where Producer Zanuck saved the day; he simply converted part of Texas into a reasonable facsimile of the Morales territory.

Those parts of the picture where Kazan shows some of the accomplishments we have come to expect of him are those requiring large numbers of extras and the slow building up of violence. It's as though he worked hardest and most inventively here. In one of these scenes, when Indian peasants emerge from hillsides and foliage to rescue Zapata, he has the help of Alex North's musical accompaniment, which blends in an exciting way with the screen images. But these moments are sparse. During the last hour of the picture (it runs a full two hours) the talk never ceases, and there are intimate close-ups—utilizing Brando bare to the midriff ("Streetcar" seems to have popularized his back) and Jean Peters in a nightgown —that seem to stretch on interminably. Another close-in scene has Brando asking formally for the hand of Jean Peters, flanked by the members of her family. The two young ones slowly trade Mexican proverbs, like batting a shuttlecock back and forth across a net, while perspiration sprouts on their brows and upper lips, giving an idea of the heat and also of what they're up against as actors. We have come to expect a maintained pace and intensity from Kazan rather than this sort of boring slow motion.

For those who are interested in the movie as history, I'm afraid they will not get a very sharp idea of what is going on behind all the shooting. We pretty much have to take Zapata's word for it that the people of the region have been brutally oppressed. Where, one wonders, are the foreign oil concessionaires, the grasping hand of the church? These were factors that



—*Museum of Modern Art.*

Diego Rivera's Zapata and Hollywood's—"nostrils flared out and eyelids glued."

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added to the peasant miseries. Where is the proletarian ferment, the political and military machinations? It's in the history books, plainly written, but not here. Instead we have some of the usual platitudes about democracy and freedom (they sound like platitudes unless well illustrated), and some symbolical figures. One of these (I guess he's symbolical) is played by Joseph Wiseman, a mystifying chap named Fernando. I think he is supposed to be an intellectual, as he carries a little typewriter around with him, and a doctrinaire who switches his sides according to the dictates of some master plan he seems to have in mind. He arranges the murder of Zapata, so I suspect he's also some sort of sinister nihilist and is representative of the damage rigid adherence to doctrine can do to a sincere cause. Some good hard talk about just what was going on would have helped the movie, but Steinbeck has written it so that the meaning of events remains beautifully obscure and also free from the criticism of those quick and eager to smell scarlet rats. Crass as it may sound, I have the feeling Kazan would have done better if he had concentrated entirely on making this into a handsome Mexican Western.

—Hollis Alpert.

SRL Recommends

Cry, the Beloved Country: A sensitive screen translation by Alan Paton of his moving novel of South African life. (*SRL* Feb. 2.)

Rasho-Mon: Japanese-made prizewinner (Venice Festival, 1951) which presents an adult story about crime and sex, of universal interest, far different from the traditional Japanese film. (*SRL* Jan. 19.)

Westward the Women: An epic detailing the difficulties attending the first shipment of women from Kansas City to California to give "roots" to the frontier. (*SRL* Jan. 12.)

Distant Drums: The Seminole War without moralizing but with lots of excitement. (*SRL* Jan. 12.)

Decision Before Dawn: An exciting, but arguable presentation of a "good German" PW who spies for us. (*SRL* Dec. 29.)

Death of a Salesman: An honest, dignified filming of one of the decade's most moving plays. (*SRL* Dec. 22.)

Miracle at Milan: Vittoria de Sica's Hooverville, Italy (or world), with realism upside-down, masquerading as fantastic comedy but issuing in satire. (*SRL* Dec. 15.)

Detective Story: Faithful, moving adaptation of Sidney Kingsley play, well acted and only slightly modified for the innocent movie-goer. (*SRL* Nov. 10.)

The Browning Version: So accomplished a filming of the Terence Rattigan play about a stiff-lipped English schoolteacher that its basic sentimentality is almost acceptable. (*SRL* Nov. 10.)

The Lavender Hill Mob: Alec Guinness as probably the world's most lovable bank robber. (*SRL* Oct. 13.)

TV and Radio

PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN PAPER HOUSES

A CASUAL reader of these pieces may get the idea that I am sadistically inclined to torture television in the early phase through which it is now passing—the D. W. Griffiith or Vitaphone phase—because as a child I was hurt by a silent movie.

This, of course, is pure bunk, because as a matter of fact I like (1) the idea of televising, (2) the graceful bit of décor our set lends to the living room, (3) the plant we rescued from the terrace and placed on the TV set where it has blossomed this winter in an otherwise arid field. The only thing I don't happen to like about TV is the programs.

All of which makes me objectively suited to carry the torch for television against some snide comment which has shown up in our daily press of late. It came about when the two big networks announced they had signed sponsors for the televising of the two big political conventions coming up this summer. Westinghouse would foot the bill for the CBS telecast, and Philco for NBC. Immediately a hue and cry arose in the newspapers that sponsorship of these public service telecasts might destroy the objectivity so necessary to the reporting of these two crucial gatherings.

And well it might, depending naturally upon the presentation of the commercials by these two sponsors. I mean if Philco is going to claim that television sets and ice boxes will be cheaper if Taft is chosen or if Westinghouse will promise two electrical appliances in every garage if Truman is nominated, then voters may become confused, or intimidated, or they may just leave the country. However, since there are millions of Democrats and millions of Republicans in our nation, all prospective customers, I am willing to leave the compatibility of the commercials to the hard business sense of the heads of the two corporations paying the bills for the telecasts.

But I wonder about the newspapers. Are they implying that they will not carry any advertisements during the reporting of the two conventions? Will the page-one story of these political meetings be continued to an inside page devoid of ads? I imagine the cost of telecasting these long sessions over the extensive cables of the television network will be a few dollars more than it costs a newspaper to print its daily sheet. And if the networks can inveigle clients into paying the cost of this public-service program, I don't see how anybody can begrudge them the windfall. All of course depending upon the propriety of the commercials.

It seems to me that some newspapers have been unduly sharp in their criticism of the amount of commercials carried on TV. I am a violent objector to the content of some commercials, the horrible tunes, the unimaginative picture work, the extravagant and implied claims, the shouting and the speeding of announcers bent on saying everything in fifteen seconds. But when it comes to the number of commercials, I think the newspapers have small complaint.

Recently I examined my favorite Sunday paper. My wife helped me carry it into my study and I went through it with a fine-tooth ruler. Here is a brief finding:

The first section contained forty-four pages. There are eight columns to a page, making a total of 352 columns in the first section. Of these 352 columns there were only forty-eight columns of entertainment (news matter), as compared with 304 columns of commercials (ads). In the second section there were forty-four pages again. Of the forty-four pages there were seventy-six columns of news and 276 columns of commercials. And so on through the paper.

I can understand the pride of newspapermen in their profession. But I don't share the fear they seem to have that TV may some day replace the daily paper, as is evidenced not only in their outcry against commercials, but also in the comment of some reviewers that the Dave Garroway early morning show is no substitute for the news that can be read in the morning papers, where it is presented without the confusion which attended the first week's presentation of the Garroway two-hour mishmash. I happen to think that newspapers are here to stay. And if it improves I imagine television will find a place in our lives too.

And of course there's the age-old argument. Nobody will ever be able to take a pair of shoes to the shoemaker for half soles wrapped up in a TV set.

—Goodman Ace.

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Music to My Ears

A COUPLE OF FINE ITALIAN HANDS — WARNER AND CURZON

SOME credit must attach to any conductor of whom it can be said that he is in a class by himself; but in the case of Victor de Sabata with the distinction goes the kind of exclusiveness that applies to a quarantine for one of the communicable diseases. Others, not already pronounced immune, should stay away from the qualities about him which are so infectious.

His latest outburst was as guest conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. In the best of circumstances, this orchestra should be well-insulated from excessive heat, for it is highly inflammable. The match was barely applied—in Mozart's "Magic Flute" Overture—before the room was ablaze, and it stayed that way through a program that included the "Rhenish" Symphony of Schumann, Menotti's "Apocalypse," and "Till Eulenspiegel." The men had not been exposed to anything so warming in a month of De Sabatas, and the result gave off the brightest kind of glow imaginable—if not one that was particularly illuminating.

How close the results came to music was, at least, debatable. De Sabata is an end, not a means; an altar, not a votary. In the circumstances it was particularly difficult to determine whether Gian-Carlo Menotti's "Apocalypse" was a clear statement of the composer's attitude toward his Biblical subject matter, or something seen through the glasses of Respighi as De Sabata made it out to be. My feeling is that it is not so brilliant, but a better piece of music than De Sabata conveyed; that its texture is less general and more specific; perhaps the purest example of musical thinking yet accomplished outside the theatre by the gifted Menotti.

However, if one is to judge by De Sabata's measured assault on the familiar "Till Eulenspiegel," one would have to suspend judgment till Menotti's score is played, rather than exhibited. De Sabata is an amusing individualist among contemporary conductors, in the bang and rattle, jar and titillate department. (When and if he appears here as an opera conductor, all previous remarks are reversable at will.)

* * *

At another extreme of Italian *maestri* is Guido Cantelli, who ended a month's engagement with the Philharmonic (one week went by default because of illness) without proving anything conclusive about his talents. Technical means he has in abundance, but not so abundantly that he can make the Philharmonic play Rossini's "Semiramide" subtly or flexibly. As in a work so different as the Beethoven Fifth Symphony, Cantelli tended to hold everything in a tight metric framework, with little that was either relaxed or genial. Over-all, he inclined to give the best kind of second-rate performance, rather than an inferior kind of first-rate one.

This want of flexibility was apparent in the orchestral background he provided for Isaac Stern's playing of the "Symphonie Espagnole" of Lalo. To begin with, Stern is neither the young novice nor the old master whose Lalo commands the attention; he should be up earlier of a musical morning in pursuit of more elusive targets. But, even so, Cantelli matched neither his rugged attack in the fast movements, nor his pulsing suavity in the slower ones.

* * *

Time and conflicting demands prevented me from hearing more than a fraction of Clifford Curzon's piano recital in Town Hall, but the short visit confirmed one firm conviction—Curzon plays Schubert, big or small, better than any pianist I know of. The mastery of big Schubert remembered from his peerless playing of the "Wanderer" Fantasy a few years back was matched, this time, by performances of the smaller "Moments Musicaux" in A flat and C sharp minor and the E flat Impromptu which were all felicity and feeling. Not many artists would challenge an audience's initial restlessness with such a group; Curzon magnetized the attention not by bravura or by graces, but by bringing to life the genius of Schubert.

* * *

Pre-"Carmen" week at the Metropolitan was quiet, save for the first appearance as Gilda, in "Rigoletto," of Genevieve Warner. As attested in the small parts she has sung previously at the Metropolitan (and in much larger ones at Glyndebourne and with the Little Orchestra), Miss Warner left no doubt about the beauty of her voice or the soundness of its training—but some skepticism that she was ready yet to take a leading role between Paolo Silveri and Ferruccio Tagliavini.

In less brassy company Miss Warner's almost finicky refinement, her inclination to finesse might have been more sympathetically framed. But truth is, Miss Warner did not sing even this kind of Gilda with assurance or control, though there was many a lovely phrase in the middle of the voice. Moreover, she projected no strong sense of character or the dramatic conception of an interesting Gilda, whether she was singing at maximum effect on this occasion or not. There is such a thing as a gift for the stage as well as a gift for singing. The question before the house (Metropolitan, that is) remained: Is she, as well as being a singer, an opera singer too? Further evidence will tell.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Victor de Sabata—". . . bang department."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 451

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 451 will be found in the next issue.

BQYQV OCYQ J HJB XU

XBWCM DQ DJT PJCMQE

JW TAHQWDCBO DQ MCIQT.

—MQSCT Q. MJSQT.

Answer to Crypt No. 450

Doubt everything at least once—even down to the proposition "twice two are four."

—GEORG C. LICHTENBERG.

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THE WORLD

(*Continued from page 18*)

author, speaking for himself, declares that Hyderabad was annexed to Pakistan when actually Hyderabad refused such annexation. Again he states that "caste is as old as India," though the institution is actually a relative innovation. The question recurs: how much "right-thinking" does it take to compensate for bluntly wrong facts?

In broader terms, Michener accepts too readily the handy doctrine of Asian nationalism, explaining the present crisis as a revolt against the West rather than as a revolt at least largely against indigenous corruptions. Most important, he seldom recognizes in his book the primacy of the agrarian issue *per se*, for though he touches on it in a general sense, nowhere does he define the problem realistically.

Yet Mr. Michener is sure to find many supporters, for the kind of errors he makes we too readily discount. As a people, we seem to be convinced that political strategy is largely a matter of meaning well. And Mr. Michener means well. Quite seriously, he does. And what is more important, his conclusions are sound. But it is the hope of this reviewer, who agrees with those conclusions, that a far more convincing proof can be presented.

The Making of a Dictator

BLOODY PRECEDENT. By Fleur Cowles. New York: Random House. 270 pp. $3.

By Duncan Aikman

BY an old Spanish custom, now being revived in Argentina to check the rising cult of the Anglo-Saxon pagan monstrosity Santa Claus, Christmas gifts for the children are supposed to be brought on Twelfth Night by the Three Wise Men. The children have to wait a little longer and presumably sit up later. But since by Biblical account the Three Wise Men brought presents to the Infant Jesus, the religious connection is more definitive.

Mrs. Cowles, then, might have been pleased to see in an Epiphany editorial in a leading Peronist house-organ from Argentina last month, *La Epoca* of Buenos Aires, the revelation that in their 1952 expeditions to the homes of Argentine underprivileged, the Three Wise Men were to be "guided by Evita." Señora Presidente's advertising of herself as squad-leader to the Kings of the East would help to confirm a major thesis in "Bloody Precedent" that the Perons, Juan and Evita, are doing all that two bemused totalitarians can to promote themselves to an all-Argentine deity status.

Mrs. Cowles, however—herself more or less the Little Flower of the Cowles publishing empire and the lately extinguished *Flair*—has it pretty well documented already. She quotes Evita, speech-making in mystical rapture last May 7, to the effect that "Peron is the air we breathe; Peron is our sun, Peron is life."

Again, in the realm of the new solar divinity, Evita proposes to carry on in the wake of certain Christian analogies as a heavenly intercessor for favors to humble worshipers. "I have pledged myself," her speech proceeded, "to collect the hopes of the Argentine people and empty them in the marvelous heart of Peron so that he may turn them into realities."

This reviewer doesn't quite subscribe to a further assertion that Evita is also reaching out for other-worldly distinctions by calling herself "Evita, Capitana"—a word which in Spanish, Mrs. Cowles insists, denotes a lady either on the verge of sainthood or in it. In my halting Spanish—and Spanish dictionary, too—"Capitana" means simply "the wife of a captain"; surely a doubtful background for canonization. But possibly on her two-weeks Yankee publishers' junket to Argentina Fleur Cowles learned better.

—*Michael Vaccaro.*

Fleur Cowles—"enough of the zest."

Most of the Cowles dissection of Evita—easily the ultra-feminine and most exciting part of "Bloody Precedent"—is an account of how she dresses and acts the part of a goddess on the make. Mrs. Cowles met Argentina's first lady in July 1950 at a Presidential audience to the visiting publishers.

Evita, she chronicles, appeared "elegantly dressed in a navy blue suit" from Paris, "sables on her arm, . . . an expensive navy-blue beret" and toting on her lapel a diamond orchid "about 5 inches across by 7 inches high—a brooch of big, pure white diamonds that must have been worth $250,000."

At once la Cowles privately dubbed her "a Cinderella dressed by Dior" and asked her a fatal question: "What one thing do you want me to remember you by when I go back home?"

"After it was duly translated," Mrs. Cowles proceeds, "she stared back at me with a cold unpleasant look, then, after she'd taken in every part of me (including the black pearl and diamond pin I wore which she later smilingly admitted she coveted) she said: 'If you stay behind tonight, I will show you.' "

So Author Cowles stuck around the Presidential residence—Casa Rosada—for a bite of supper with the Perons and then went on for an evening with Evita at the Buenos Aires Opera House.

"The occasion," Mrs. Cowles relates, "was the handing out of pensions to workers over seventy. . . . Behind us on the big empty stage was a handful of gnarled, quivering old men . . . [who] sat in a Breughel-like, half-lit semi-circle against the back wall, silent and frightened."

Meanwhile, transcending the somewhat dismal ceremony "an extraordinary lottery" was going on. "The game is childlike," Mrs. Cowles describes it. "Everyone throws a little folded sheet of paper with his name and address written on it toward Evita whenever she appears publicly.

"Whenever Evita stops to pick up such a paper that gesture means the winning of the sweepstakes for the lucky person whose name is on the crumpled missile. An audience with Evita in her Social Aid Foundation automatically follows. The reward is either in money, a college education, 'justice' against somebody (often that means death or jail for someone else), a home for an illegitimate baby, a needed operation, a new house, a court

Duncan Aikman is the author of numerous magazine articles on Latin America.

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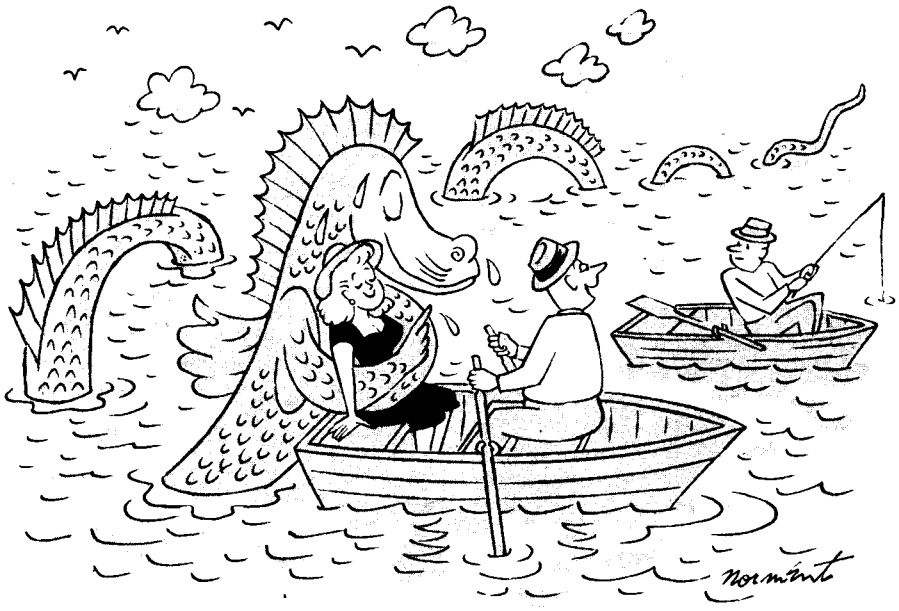

"You can't beat Doris for picking up new friends!"

action, whatever the winner speaks up for."

The way of the dispenser of favors is, in fact, as capricious as those of some other theological characters. So is Evita's way with some of her bigger and less personal charity projects. In the Children's Village, for instance, a huge orphans' home to which Evita took her guest, "the decorations . . . lavish and sophisticated . . . reminded me of sets for a ballet. . . . Quantities of expensive toys, most of them bigger than any occupants . . . seemed nailed to their positions . . . never to be moved by children at play. . . . 'All the children are out on a huge picnic today,' Evita explained."

And in huge housing projects of the Social Aid Foundation in the Buenos Aires suburbs, "construction stopped dead when it reached the plumbing and utilities stages." Or where it was finished, rents were so high that no one on a working class income "can afford to live in those ghost apartments."

Furthermore, according to Mrs. Cowles, the presiding diety of all this largesse revels in caprice and extragance—not to say misdirection of funds. "Keeping books for the poor is capitalist nonsense," she quotes Evita as saying to her. "I just use the money for the poor. I can't stop to count it."

Nevertheless, without Evita, Mrs. Cowles maintains, Peron would be only "half a dictator." Her sloppy charities used as effective corruption funds, she charges, organized the bands of mobsters and street thugs, *descamisados,* who established him in power. Her furious, gutter-trained ambition has been the major drive behind his suppressions of civil liberties and his brutal punishments of political enemies. Her soap-opera radio oratory and writings have promoted him as the Argentine masses' omniscient father-image—definitely a half-god. Peron, in fact, appears in the Cowles account chiefly as the shadowy husband and front man—almost a yes man to the Madame La Farge with a diamond orchid.

Curiously enough, Author Cowles spends more than half her book trying to make the point that the dictatorship of Juan Manuel Rosas and his wife, Encarnacion de Excurra y Aguibel de Rosas, which ended just a century ago this month, furnish a "bloody precedent" for all these goings on under the Perons. She strains a girdle or two trying, but comes out pretty much second-best. Evita helped organize the *descamisados* for violence certainly. Encarnacion evidently played a crucial part in recruiting Rosas's far more bloody terrorist gangs, the Mazorcas.

But the parallel doesn't go much farther. After all, the pastoral, gaucho-flavored Argentina of the 1840's and 1850's and the urban, industrializing Argentina of today are too different from each other for resemblances in a few age-old dictatorial techniques to prove anything beyond the coincidental.

It is hardly worth being plunged into a morass of unexplained Argentine revolutions and political intrigues to come out with so little. "Bloody Precedent" itself, indeed, is something of a morass of sloppy writing, unchecked factual statements, non-sequiturs, and cattily feminine judgments; but written with enough of the zest peculiar to cantankerous ladies to make a lousy book hot reading.

Behind the Curtain

MY RINGSIDE SEAT IN MOSCOW. By Nicholas Nyaradi. New York: Thomas R. Crowell Co. 307 pp. $3.75.

By Emil Lengyel

THE "ringside seat" was the Soviet capital's Hotel Moskva, which was the headquarters of Nicholas Nyaradi, the author, former Finance Minister of Hungary, when he carried on negotiations with Russian leaders in 1947. Dr. Nyaradi was a member of the non-Communist Small Landholders' Party, which at that time formed a part of the Hungarian coalition government. Early in 1949 the coalition government was replaced by the Hungarian People's Independence Front, completely under Communist control, but meanwhile Dr. Nyaradi had left Hungary and come to the United States in the spring of 1949, after a short stay in Western Europe. Currently, he is teaching at a Midwestern college.

Dr. Nyaradi was in Moscow at the very time the Soviets had to make up their minds about their participation in America's Marshall Plan and he offers a graphic description of what he believes was an inner conflict within the supreme Communist Party steering committee, the Politburo.

There was a tug of war, he says, between two groups, the one led by A. I. Mikoyan, who favored acceptance of participation in the plan, and the other guided by V. M. Molotov, who spoke for its rejection. Mikoyan is described by the author as a cultured, cosmopolitan economist, who had the best understanding of the United States among all Politburo members, and who believed that participation in the Marshall Plan would secure peace and unity between East and West, at least for a time.

Molotov, according to the author, with no notion of economics, with a violent hatred of all things not Russian, held out against the Marshall Plan, believing that this was the best way to exploit Russia's favorable post-war position vis-à-vis the United States. In the end, the author says, it was Stalin who decided that there should be no Soviet participation in the Marshall Plan.

Dr. Nyaradi received an invitation while in Moscow to visit Stalin, but he did not follow it up, apprehensive of seeing such headlines as "Banker

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Emil Lengyel, Hungarian-born American writer, educator, lecturer, is the author of many books, including "The Danube" and "America's Role in World Affairs."

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Guest at Kremlin" (he had been a banker). Just the same, he sat close to the dictator at a Moscow open air sport festival and there he noted that Stalin looked considerably older than in his pictures. Yet, for his age, Dr. Nyaradi writes, he looks remarkably fit; and in Georgia, where he comes from, the author reminds us, people have the habit of living up to a hundred.

Stalin is an absolute dictator, Dr. Nyaradi believes, but he exploits the bickerings in the Politburo. In this respect the impressions of the author are at variance with those of Mr. Churchill and members of President Roosevelt's Teheran conference entourage who believe that the Politburo is not a rubber stamp but that Stalin is its most influential member.

On the whole, Dr. Nyaradi has not sized up America's book-reading public quite accurately. It is not the public of the sensational columns of the popular press. Had he noticed the difference he would have given us a far more shaded account of what he, one of the last diplomats to live behind the curtain, saw in Moscow. It is a pity, too, since he has keen eyes and an engaging style.

He does not seem to like the Russians, whether Communists or "antis." Writing about the Moscow Ballet, he observes: "The ballerinas are so lovely that it is impossible to believe that they are human, let alone Russian." Then again: "All Russians are markedly, if not predominantly, Asiatic, for Russia was under the Golden Horde for more than two hundred years." When he says "Asiatic," he pays no compliment. But, then, what shall one say of his native Hungary, most of which was under Turkish rule for a hundred and fifty years?

Nor is Dr. Nyaradi always consistent. A special point he makes is that the Soviets are as "stubborn as the mules," and yet he claims to have induced them to scale down their demand from $200,000,000 to $45,000,000, which Hungary was to pay. Also was it not in Hungary's interest to have him meet Stalin if the dictator's was the final word? The reader does not gain the impression that Dr. Nyaradi had a ringside seat in Moscow. More likely, it was first row balcony.

World Book Notes

TWENTIETH-CENTURY UKRAINE. By Clarence A. Manning. Bookman Associates, New York. $3.50 Mr. Manning's study attempts an explanation of the position and importance of Ukraine in contemporary international affairs. After a cursory background sketch, the author relates the history of the Ukrainian people in the twentieth century, emphasizing their continuous and increasing efforts to gain national independence. Before 1914, Ukraine was divided among Austria, Hungary, and Russia. Ukrainian attempts to gain national statehood during and after the First World War were thwarted by the ambitions of neighboring peoples and the weakness and indecision of the Allies, so that in 1918 Ukraine was once more divided, this time among Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania. The Second World War again found the region a battleground for other powers, dominated by Russians and Germans in turn. Mr. Manning concludes with a description of contemporary Ukrainian attempts to win independence through the Ukrainian Insurgent Army, an organization the author claims to represent not only the Ukrainians, but the oppressed peoples of all Eastern Europe.

The author is obviously well acquainted with Ukrainian as well as other sources. His presentation is lucid and generally temperate. Since Mr. Manning makes no attempt to hide either his admiration for the people of Ukraine or his dislike of Russian Communists, the study is unavoidably in part a polemic, and some of the views expressed debatable. One might ask if the author has not overestimated the importance of democratic elements in past and present Ukrainian nationalist groups, the extent of the desire for independence among the Ukrainian people, and the strength of the resistance movement. In speaking of the resistance movement, the author makes clear his view that no effective uprising against Russia can be expected without outside aid and recommends a policy of American assistance. Yet, as with a number of advocates of the various Iron Curtain peoples, Mr. Manning offers no specific suggestions as to how such aid could be extended.

The book, however, does call attention to an important factor in foreign developments, and should serve a most useful purpose in providing sound information on an unfamiliar subject. —L. O'Boyle.

BACK TO MANDALAY. By Lowell Thomas. The Greystone Press. 320 *pp.* $3.50. Should you happen to be an admirer of Flip Corkin and his picturesque companions as cartoonist Milt Caniff has depicted them in his daily and weekly adventure strips, and if you do not demand writing above the B-pulp standard, you will want to read this almost juvenile account of how some able, imaginative AAF flyers teamed up with the also imaginative, egocentric British Major General Orde Wingate in a unique type of military operation in Burma called Long-Range Penetration.

The trouble Lowell Thomas has with unfamiliar geography is indicated in the book title, "Back to Mandalay." The scene of this adventure was beyond the upper bend of the Irrawaddy River, 150 miles and more north of Mandalay. "They had two bases in the Imphal Valley, the Assam Hill country along the India-Burma border," writes Mr. Thomas. Assam is several hundred miles distant from the actual sites of Lalaghat and Hailikandi. And neither lie in the Imphal Valley but fifty miles west of the Chin hills which guard the valley. The air base of Tulihal *is* in the valley. This was the base of two RAF transport squadrons, whose important participation in the fly-in of Wingate's forces Mr. Thomas fails even to suggest. The Chinese town from which General Wingate planned to debouch from the east is Paoshan, not Powashan.

The Air Transport Command had no direct participation in the Wingate show, as Mr. Lowell erroneously states, nor did a single C-46 take part. C-64s, yes, but there is much more than the reversal of figures in the aircraft types indicated. Further, there was no AAF General Bob Old in the CBI. There was a General William Donald (Bill or Don) Old, of Troop Carrier Command, who commanded

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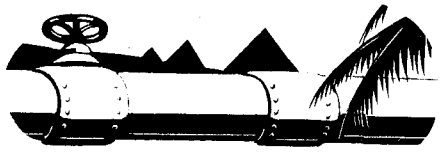
all the transports which delivered Wingate's men, mules, and supplies and who, had his advice been heeded by General Wingate and the Air Commandos, would have saved the latter from most of their glider losses, plus the embarrassment of discovering at the last moment the Piccadilly landing area blockaded by the enemy. To present as a martinet this outstanding "shirtsleeve general" is typical of the complete lack of perspective by the author.

Should one wish to read an objective account of the Wingate expedition, documented details are to be found in Vol. IV of "The Army Air Forces in World War II."

—Samuel Taylor Moore.

THE LAND OF THE CAMEL: Tents and Temples of Inner Mongolia. By Schuyler Cammann. Ronald Press Co., New York. $5. Anyone unblushingly addicted to armchair travel will enjoy this rambling account of a journey through Inner Mongolia in 1945. Here, through the medium of an American expert on Far Eastern peoples, are some of the sights, sounds, and pungent smells of the land beyond the Yellow River. If you are tired of television and want to know what it is like to be inside a Yurt (Mongol tent), or a Lama monastery, or to ride on the mountainous back of an ill-tempered, belching camel, this is the place to find out without any undue expense or exposure to the vagaries of relatively primitive life and politics on the other side of the world. Mr. Cammann knows how to tell a good story about rivers, deserts, wild animals, and people who have never heard of Fifth Avenue and are not in the least worried about it. And if you should happen to be tired of Fifth Avenue, you might try him. —John C. Cairns.

THE PERON ERA. By Robert J. Alexander. Columbia University Press. $3.50. Professor Alexander denounces Peronismo as a dangerous and successful form of totalitarianism: his book begins and ends with a warning that the United States has misunderstood and underrated this danger in the Western Hemisphere. But like Milton he finds it difficult to prevent his villain from dominating the plot of his narrative, and Su Excelencia Señor Presidente de la República Argentina, General Juan Domingo Peron, emerges as a strong man with a dark but authentic halo. Peron's legerdemain in winning the support of the laboring classes for what was at its inception a military dictatorship is analyzed with reluctant admiration at the success of his tactics but none for his principles and methods. The part played by his wife, the much-advertised Evita, is summed up in one chapter that illustrates her powerful hold over the *descamisados* and her arbitrary treatment of any officials, even the highest, who oppose her influence. Mr. Alexander thinks Peron's economic expedients may prove unwise in the long run but concedes that Argentine economy has been galvanized into extraordinary activity. Argentina has developed remarkably since 1946 and its increased prestige in international affairs is a further proof of Peron's adroit diplomacy. Inflation has not yet alienated the workers, and the shortage of foreign exchange was recently alleviated in part by a "grant" of $125,000,000 from the United States. Between 1945 and 1950 "our attitude toward Perón had swung around full circle." As the principles and practices of Peronismo did not change, the author concludes that the pressure of the "Cold War" induced Washington to woo the Argentine Republic because it has the strongest army and air force in Latin America. Peron could be a useful ally. But no one with democratic convictions who reads these eighteen chapters will feel happy that circumstances persuade us to seek such allies. —Geoffrey Bruun.



MY FORTY YEAR FIGHT FOR KOREA. By Louise Yim. A. A. Wyn. $3.50. In New York, five years ago, after Louise Yim had made a plea for American help in freeing Korea, a woman approached to beg "forgiveness for what my father-in-law did to your country." The father-in-law was President Theodore Roosevelt, who in 1905 recognized Japan's claim to Korea.

Miss Yim was but a child when the Japanese occupation began, but she started her fight for freedom then. If she was to imitate her beloved Joan of Arc, she would first have to free Korean girls from the shackles of their inferior position. At five the precocious rebel learned to read and write, a privilege traditionally reserved for boys. At twelve, outwitting her Japanese teachers, she organized a schoolgirls' Suicide Squad and joined the patriots' underground. In the 1919 uprising she was imprisoned and tortured—not for the last time. She studied at the University of Southern California, became one of Korea's leading educators and the only woman member of its legislature. Today she is South Korea's delegate to the United Nations.

In this remarkable story of a brave woman and a brave people, both battling against tragic odds, the author sometimes changes her Joan of Arc role for Cassandra's. As the forty-year Japanese occupation gave way to the postwar Communist terror, she sounded vain warning that the next war would start in Korea. In June 1950 she could get no hearing for her report on the invasion plans of the North Korean Army. The book ends with a 2 A.M. telephone call from the Associated Press asking for her comment on the crossing of the 38th Parallel. —Ann F. Wolfe.

CINDERELLA OF EUROPE: SPAIN EXPLAINED. By Sheila M. O'Callaghan. Philosophical Library. $3.75. There is need for books that will explain the Spanish people and Spanish problems to American readers, but this ill-judged performance, which the jacket describes as "a fearless, taunting challenge," is not one of them. Neither history nor sober interpretation, it might be described as impressions of Spain by a visitor in love with the land and its people but more in love with her own opinionated prose. Her "justification" of the Franco regime rests on a free-for-all attack against the Spanish Republic of 1931, against democracy as practised in Britain, and against the stupidity of the "unthinking supporters of things as they are" in democratic countries. The "incontestable information and proof" claimed for her statements must be taken on trust for there are no bibliographical lists or footnotes, and her own passionate predilection and animus cast doubt on her judgments. The few passages in which she attempts a reasoned analysis suggest that with responsible guidance she might master the source materials and write competent criticism, but this episodic commentary on Spanish developments since the 1920's is predominantly a melange of one-sided arguments without logic, coherence, or profundity. —G. B.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 932)

A. A. MILNE:
A TABLE NEAR THE BAND

I have a suspicion, which has never been confirmed, that I did propose to Marcia once, after dinner. If so, she must have refused me, because I am still a bachelor. . . . Our table had been near the band, and I suppose she hadn't heard.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

ONE-HOSS SASHAY

PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

THE wrangler who books the films at the T Bar T theatre in nearby Scottsdale could hardly have picked a more choice item than the current offering, "Crazy Over Horses." This corner of the Union, to put it so that no one misunderstands, is absolutely psychotic over horses, and that especially goes for Jim Frederick's Auto Livery Stable, a local gas station, and the One-Buck Barber Shop in Wickenburg.

A near-crisis developed recently at One-Buck, where the window is decorated with a bucking bronco, when the price of haircuts went from one buck to one buck and a quarter. The equestrian-minded tonsorial artist maintained the local theme and his reputation for accuracy by adding sketches of two horses' bits to the window.

The most popular mode of conveyance hereabouts—not including the horse, which is used more for recreation than utility—is the station wagon. Virtually all wagons are embossed on the door panel with the name of the ranch to which they belong. One unaffiliated and self-conscious wagon carries the legend Got No Rancho. Another, whose owner is devoid but aspiring, states No Rancho Yetto.

Most of the local gentry, whether they ride station wagons or bucking broncos, have adopted the raiment perfected by that whirlwind of the purple sage, H. Cassidy. This involves, first off, the hat with the outsized brim and, by day, levis, known in the outlands as blue jeans. Shirts for both male and female are rather tightly fitted, are frequently patterned in stripes, and are decorated with dozens of pearl snaps. For ties the men wear little string jobs, although recently there has been a movement towards a device of short leather braids caught at the collar by a clasp of silver set with a turquoise stone. This new motif in cravats is so far the sole creation of one artisan near Wickenburg who dispenses the item at $9.50 each.

Ladies, regardless of whether they are only recently displaced from Buzzard's Bay or Minneapolis, wear finely-tailored frontier pants, spiked boots, or hand-sewn, soft squaw boots. There is a lively market, too, at Porter's or Gene Autry's, stores in Phoenix given over boot and saddle to the sale of Western paraphernalia, in slip-over squaw blouses with silver buttons, and squaw dresses.

A fancy evening party, like an early spring sun on tulip bulbs, brings forth a whole crop of Indian jewelry, which Arizona women wear on their ears, throats, fingers, and arms. Although Indian-ware may be dismissed as costume jewelry by the unknowing visitor, Porter's sells ordinary Navajo squash blossom necklaces for $200, black inlaid work by the Zuñis for $400, and other Indian embellishments for as high as $1,000. Men also wear Indian jewelry, and no small advertisement for Navajo work is a turquoise and silver ring the size of a half a dollar which Governor Howard Pyle sports on his third finger left hand.

—TWA.

"... raiment perfected by that whirlwind of the purple sage, H. Cassidy."

The Governor said he got it from a young man who came to Arizona to die. Pyle used to sit with the boy cheering him up. Frequently he would admire the sick man's ring. The man promised to give it to Pyle when he died. A year later the sick man recovered in the Arizona sunshine, walked into Pyle's office one day, and put the ring on the Governor's desk. "When *you* kick off," the cured man said, "I want it back."

The Navajos used to make silver ornaments for their own amusement, shaping it from U. S. silver currency. When the mint raised an objection the Indians switched to Mexican pesos, and finally to raw Mexican silver. One of the rarest Indian ornaments is sets of silver tinklers called Mother-in-law Bells, still to be found on infrequent occasions in the pawnshops. Hammered down from silver U. S. quarters, the bells were sewn by Indian women into their sashes. According to a Navajo custom that may yet be adopted by the white man, braves were not supposed to see their mothers-in-law, and the bells warned of the women's approach.

With silver and turquoise on every pinky, the ten gallon hat on every head, and the ranch brand as the favorite decorative motif, Southwestiana invades every facet of life. *The Wickenburg Sun*, a newspaper whose byword is "All the News That Fits," writes in cowboy slang and prints its headlines in old circus type. On the day that I arrived there with a group of other journalists flown to Phoenix by Trans-World Airlines, *The Sun* broke out a full-page streamer headline which read:

DEADLINE FUGITIVES
COME A VISITIN'
Up Our Way. They
Should Have Plenty To Write About
When They Get Back to Their
Frigid Homes

The Sun advises in a masthead box that it is circulated "throughout Wickenburg, West Central Arizona,

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Thirty-Eight States, Canada, and South Wales."

The entire back page of *The Sun* in the issue dedicated to our arrival was taken by a full-page advertisement of Brayton's general store on Frontier St., an emporium which dispenses Sunshine Krispy Crackers and dynamite sticks with equal geniality. While it attends the needs of the housewife used to the seal-packed, handy-package ways of the East, Brayton's also keeps a pair of scales on hand on which it weighs the gold dust of bearded miners who still pan the streams and pick at the nearby hills. The gold is assessed and packed off to the San Francisco mint, and credit for the miner goes on the store's books.

WICKENBURG'S ranches, except for one magnificent expanse of glass, whitewash, and modern desert design known as Los Caballeros, are inclined to be less formal, less elegant, and less expensive than the resorts of the Phoenix area, fifty-four miles away.

Remuda Ranch, which opened in the Twenties and was the first in Wickenburg, now the Dude Ranch Capital of the World, maintains such standard Wickenburg equipment as a rodeo field and a blue-tinted, heated swimming pool. Like other local ranches it offers the standard recreational equipment of resorts anywhere, but specializes in such Western embellishments as breakfast and moonlight rides and chuck-wagon picnics held in the desert in the shade of the tall saguaro cactus. Barbecued spare ribs and grilled steaks are the favorites for these meals in the mesquite, and the cowboys dish up pinto beans and Dutch oven biscuits made in the open fire. Blue gambel quail rustle through the arid underbrush, and an occasional deer floats across the brown earth. In spring the buggy-whip cactus blooms with bright flowers on the ends of its slender tips, and the hedgehog cactus bestows orchid-like blossoms of deep red and yellow. At eventide the still of the desert is pierced with the eerie shriek of birds. Some say the scream is the call of the cactus swallow; others insist it is the cry of a guest who has just received his bill.

Actually Wickenburg guests have little to scream about. The six ranches in the environs charge a minimum of about $14 a day single and $25 a day double, American plan, a fee that includes three meals and all facilities not excepting riding. Phoenix, on the other hand, offers a collection of luxury resorts scattered in the suburbs of the city. Horses are on hand but there is no pretense at ranching. A prime example of the sybaritic Southwest is a retreat called the Casa Blanca, which makes a conscious effort to live up to its name with an immense white minaret rising up from the desert flats, and a white Moorish wall surrounding the lush green court around which its rooms are strung. Outside the walls is a stable with pink doors; inside the guest rooms are separate closets for riding habits which might still be reminiscent of horses. On the reservation is a landing strip for those who come in private planes. For bourgeois travelers without private planes TWA will have you in Phoenix in ten hours from the East Coast, seven hours from Chicago, less than four hours from Kansas City, and two hours from Los Angeles.

Resorts like Casa Blanca and the swank adobe social reservation known as Camelback Inn facing Camelback Mountain extract a fee of some $25 a day per person, anywhere from $36 to $50 a day for two. But the rows of orange trees, the branches sagging with grapefruit, the fields of cotton, and the fantastic sunsets belong to everyone, even to those who stay at motor courts, a thriving Phoenix development. Some, like the Circle K, have blessed themselves with horsey names. Others like the Stagecoach Motel offer double room, private bath, and kitchenette for $11 a night complete. Western Village has thick-carpeted sleeping rooms with wood-burning fireplaces at $9 a night, offers TV in the patio, an open-air swimming pool. A radio show is broadcast from its dining room daily. Even in the scorching summer heat Western Village has been running 97 per cent full.

Phoenix, which was first settled by the Hohokam Indians, now has a bustling population of 225,000. The city and the Valley of the Sun which surrounds it claim an average of 230 clear days a year, a figure which compares favorably with a well-advertised metropolis in Southern California (181 days) and a certain resort in Florida (100 days). For Phoenix and its valley, which has shown a 77 per cent increase in population since the 1940 census, a little Hohokam and a lot of sunshine have gone a long way.

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

LONDON. By Jacques Boussard. McGraw-Hill. $5. Like the prior volume in this series on Florence, "London" is essentially a picture book with an accompanying text poured around the photographs. The layouts have been

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artfully done, and the photographs have been carefully chosen to project the life of the city and not just its look. So, in large and clear reproductions, "London" shows you the city lamplighters, the pavement artists, the Hyde Park haranguers in sharp focus. When the book reaches a museum it walks inside and reproduces some of the work of the masters, among them Raphael, Michelangelo, Velázquez, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Watteau. The text by Jacques Boussard is not exceptional for style, but it is, all the same, pleasant, straightforward, and informative.

ALL THE BEST IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. By Sydney Clark. Dodd Mead. $4. The whole Mediterranean from Gibraltar to Israel, which Mr. Clark tries to cover in this, his newest travel book, has proven a large mouthful, unwieldy to chew, difficult to digest. I say this in the light of Mr. Clark's lengthy list of previous books, which have been excellent out-and-out guides. This one proves more of a book for reading than a guide for consulting. Separated from the main body of the text are sketchy words about hotels in the twenty-four lands Clark covered. Separate, too, are words about local food and drink, and also regional shopping. It is a device that will make for plenty of cross reference. Clark is fine on the islands and the lands of North Africa, but he hits an obstacle when he strikes the 800 miles of Italian coastline washed by the Mediterranean, not to mention the large chunk of Southern France. So it happens that Italy gets but six pages, Sicily gets six pages, France and Corsica get eight pages together, but the island of Cyprus gets sixteen. Mr. Clark has other books, and good ones, too, on France (Italy is in preparation), and those who want additional information will have to make an additional purchase. Those who are content to read for background, for pleasure, or to warm over an old memory, however, will do well to start out with "All the Best in the Mediterranean." —H. S.

THE SHERWOOD EDDY AMERICAN SEMINAR

SAILS on the Queen Mary June 25, 1952, returning to New York on August 12. After two weeks in England, meeting a score of British leaders, we fly to Berlin, a hundred miles beyond the Iron Curtain; thence to Yugoslavia, Italy and Geneva, Switzerland, where we study the United Nations and World Council of Churches; then Paris. The cost will approximate $1,100. Membership will be limited to 50 who constantly speak or write, who will seek to interpret the needs of Europe to America. This is the 22nd year of the Seminar, which is recognized by the political, educational and cultural leaders of Europe who meet with us daily. Application should be sent to Peter Nadsen, Inc., 311 West 23rd St., New York 11, N. Y.

NEW EDITIONS

WHEN Glenway Westcott—in his introduction to "Short Novels of Colette" (Dial, $5)—declares flatly that "Colette is the greatest living French fiction-writer," he makes a statement that is more easily phrased than defended. But apart from this possible exaggeration his introduction is very nearly a model of intelligence, sympathy, sensitivity, and biographical discretion (he does not, for example, mention the scandalous incident at the Moulin-Rouge that sent Colette's famous husband, Willy, plunging from his eminence of popularity), and it should provide a pleasant and informative approach to a delightful body of fiction that is still unknown to many readers capable of enjoying it. The present volume contains five short novels first translated, and well translated, for Rinehart, from 1929 to 1935: "Chéri," "The Last of Chéri," "The Other One," "Duo," "The Cat," and "The Indulgent Husband." Here we have Colette at her brilliant best, and also in her merely clever—but how devilishly clever!—vein. Most famous of all these novels, of course, is "Chéri," named after its insufferable yet fascinating hero; but "The Last of Chéri" is a more than worthy sequel, and Colette's genius finds consummate expression in "Duo," an agonizing tale of jealousy, and in "The Cat," another, and strange, variation on the same enduring theme. "The Other One" takes a middle place among her fictions, while "The Indulgent Husband," originally "Claudine en Ménage," with all its gaiety and charm and candor, does most definitely, as the French would say, *frise l'indécence*. But, whatever her degree of decency, Colette is always the perfect mistress of her favorite material; when she writes of the variations of sexual experience—with emotional and psychological concomitants—she makes many of her competitors, especially in English, look like fumbling schoolboys.

Just as Colette's clarity is flawless, so is Mallarmé's obscurity famous—and cherished by his adorers. Charles Mauron, who has written an introduction and commentaries for Mallarmé's "Poems" (New Directions, $2), says that this obscurity is of two kinds, intentional and unintentional, and he does his ingenious best to dissipate darkness of the second kind. The extent of his success must be measured by every reader for himself. For my own part, I am often charmed by Mallarmé's verbal music; but I more frequently fail than succeed in the perhaps unfashionable task of trying to make sense of his words. This compact New Directions volume holds sixty-four poems in the original French, with Roger Fry's translations of twenty-nine of them, an "early introduction" to Mallarmé's work by Fry, and M. Mauron's introduction and explanatory notes. Mr. Fry's versions are literal, but he carried no music across the Channel when he made them.

ALSO from New Directions come "Selected Writings of Paul Eluard" ($3.50), Muriel Rukeyser's "Selected Poems" ($1.50), and William Carlos Williams's "Paterson" ($1.50). Eluard's singing, almost always crystalline poems and poetic prose have been skilfully translated, facing the original French, by Lloyd Alexander and have been enthusiastically introduced by Aragon, Louis Parrot, and Claude Roy. Miss Rukeyser's several modes may be studied in this one small volume; her star shines brightest when she subjects her deepest feelings to her strictest artistic discipline. There is poetry in Dr. Williams's long, controversial "Paterson," but it is adulterated by much alien matter and is jostled by a good deal of writing that is merely tricky.

I wish I had space in which to do justice to the excellence and beauties of "A Treasury of French Poetry," selected and translated by Alan Conder (Harper, $4), for it is the finest collection of its kind that I have seen. Here are translations of 351 poems, beginning with a ballade by Charles d'Orleans (1391-1465) and ending with six poems by Jules Supervielle (b. 1884). In almost every instance it is an unmixed pleasure to match Mr. Conder's version against its original, and in almost every instance Mr. Conder's version is an admirable and enjoyable English poem in its own right. Such a combination of quality and quantity, in this particular field of literature, is very nearly miraculous.

It is a joy to come on a new rendition of an immortal classic that is as fresh and readable as Edgar Daplyn's translation of the "Imitation of Christ" (Sheed & Ward, $2).

—Ben Ray Redman.

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FICTION

(Continued from page 12)

becomes a collector of whatever experiences the city of "Cyropolis" has to offer. He smokes hashish, visits cabarets, succumbs to a traveling nymphomaniac, drinks arak, befriends an aging European degenerate, and tries in general to burn with a hard, gem-like flame. In spite of his sneers at the values of suburbia the dissipations which Master Stirling samples in the mysterious East have about as much exoticism as those which may be found in East Orange.

Along with some kissing and much telling Mr. Stewart's hero cultivates a preference for Eastern primitivism as opposed to the commercialized decadence of Western culture. Unfortunately, his reflections on this theme never rise above the banal. He confuses his orientalism with admiration for a young Oriental and utters platitudinous observations on life and art that read like a paraphrase of Oscar Wilde's "Intentions." Mr. Stewart ultimately fills his protagonist full of native fire-water and sends him off gunning for his occidental friend, who is contemplating polluting the primitive landscape with a resort hotel. In so doing, the author finally implements the strong urge to self-destruction Stirling has displayed throughout the book, an impulse which one cannot regard seriously because of the callowness which motivates it.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

THE BEETLE LEG. By John Hawkes. New Directions. $2.50. The *avant garde* has now taken over the Western story and, I'm afraid, it will never be quite the same again. It is somewhat difficult to say precisely what Mr. Hawkes's novel is about, but in general what he seems to be hitting for is a sort of myth (in the James Joyce sense) which incorporates all the standard paraphernalia of the Western story and invests it with legendary meaning. Unfortunately, before you've gone very far through the bad lands of Mr. Hawkes's turgid prose, you're likely to lose not only your way but also your interest. The very definite promise which appeared in Mr. Hawkes's first novel, "The Cannibal," is still to be redeemed.

COME FILL THE CUP. By Harlan Ware. Random House. $3. In part this tale is the one about the hard-hitting city editor who, practically single-handed, rids Chicago of crime and political corruption. They've been doing that to Chicago ever since the

—George Hurrell.

Harlan Ware—"practised hand."

days of "The Front Page," and in essentially the same way. Much two-fisted stuff, plenty of hard-boiled talk, and the machine-guns rattling the windows. The author's new—or at least added—twist is considerable well-handled material on the care and feeding of drunks, or how alcoholics are made and can be unmade. This adds lots of body to a routine but well-told tale, although—the blurb writer to the contrary—it hasn't quite the quality of "The Lost Weekend."

The reader should perhaps be warned that he may have seen this in its previous incarnation as a motion picture with James Cagney. Thanks to Mr. Ware's practised hand it reads considerably better than would most novel versions of such productions.

HIMALAYAN ASSIGNMENT. By F. Van Wyck Mason. Doubleday. $3. Those of you who have been worrying about a Red invasion of India from Tibet can rest a little easier. Colonel Hugh North is on the scene and has the situation in hand. A pretty ticklish situation it is, too, what with Russian agents in various disguises, Chinese agents, spies and counterspies, and betraying natives all trying to make the forbidden valley of Jonkhar into a highway for a Red march into India. The complications get a little thick at times, and sometimes it's hard, even with a scorecard, to tell which side the players are on. But Colonel North straightens everything out finally, with the aid—as usual—of a few smitten women of incredible beauty and complaisant ways. Watch that seductive siren, Atossa Matala, with the silver-blonde hair. She'll fool you more than once before it's all over. Shangri-La was never like this.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

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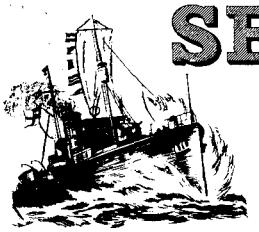

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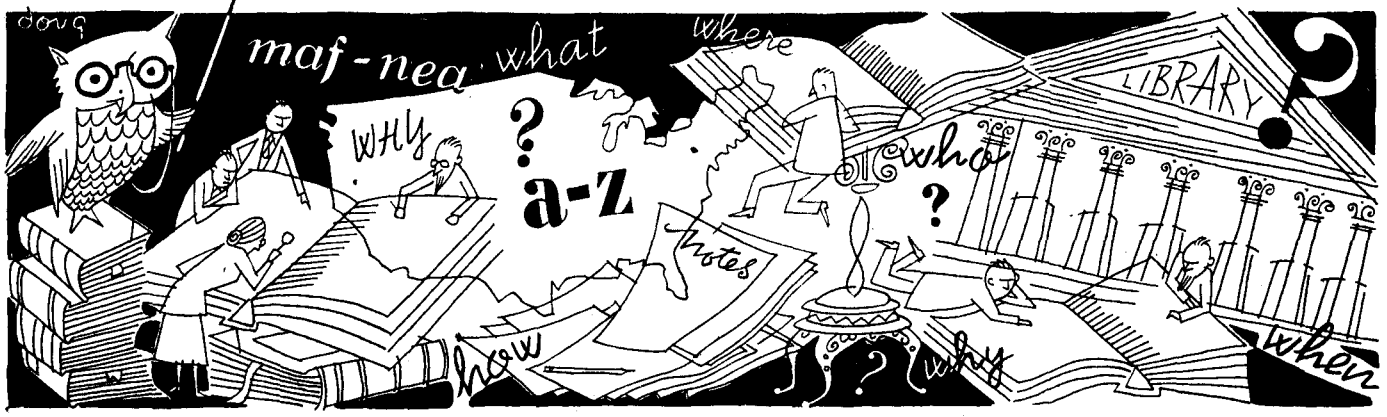

What Americans Wanted to Know in 1951

LOUIS SHORES

FROM coast to coast, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes the people of the United States exercised their traditional American right of free inquiry last year by going to their tax-supported, free public libraries by the hundreds of thousands. They asked questions, carried on individual investigations, contributed to research. To insure complete freedom of inquiry the libraries provided reference sources, professionally trained personnel, and working space. No limitation was imposed on freedom of investigation. If the local library didn't own and couldn't buy the book, it was borrowed through the system of inter-library loan which has been established cooperatively by accredited libraries of the United States.

With this generous opportunity for free inquiry, what did the American people want to know in 1951? To find out, a representative group of public libraries was asked to analyze the use of its reference facilities in the following terms: What were the subjects of inquiry of most interest to their patrons? Who were the inquirers? What books furnished the most and best answers?

Eight public library systems cooperated in this survey—Seattle and Los Angeles in the Far West, Denver in the Rocky Mountain States, New Orleans, Atlanta, and Charlotte, N. C., in the South, Newark in the East, and Detroit in the Midwest. Their individual reports at the end of this article show common, national interests against a background of local concern. Broadly classified, the inquiries undertaken by the people in these eight cities during 1951 fall into five categories: current events, contests, household problems, people and places, and curiosities.

The MacArthur debate topped the current events inquiries, especially during April. Some clue as to the vehemence with which Americans exercised their right of free inquiry in this connection is indicated in the frequency with which one library was asked the question, "How do you impeach a President of the United States?" More objective curiosity was shown in the questions concerning the origin of the phrase, "Old soldiers never die," and precedents of disagreement between the Commander-in-Chief and his field-general. Other current events questions not far behind the MacArthur debate concerned Korea, the United Nations, and the Kefauver Committee investigations.

American free inquiry during 1951 was by no means confined to the serious problems of the world and of the nation. Contest competitors, led by the army of crossword puzzle workers, kept reference librarians working overtime to find five-letter words meaning the same thing spelled backwards as forward. The object could be a refrigerator, a trip to Bermuda, or merely the satisfaction of filling the squares in the evening newspaper.

More serious were the household problems. Most often these took the form of "how-to-do-it" or "how-to-make-it." They dealt with home construction, repair, and furnishing. But they dealt also with crafts of every kind and with better ways of pursuing hobbies.

Equally frequent were consumer questions about buying. Comparisons of makes of refrigerators, stoves, automobiles, appliances, food, clothing, and accessories engaged the inquiring minds of citizens everywhere. Back of these investigations was the constant awareness of rising costs of living and stern inquiry as to the economic trends. There were other questions by the people, more somber, if not portentous. These involved laws relating to income tax, to labor, to operating a business, and to marriage and divorce.

Questions about people and places are always among those asked most often in public libraries. Last year was no exception. Public figures in politics, entertainment, science, and fine arts came in for serious as well as curious investigation.

INTEREST in places stimulated by business, travel, resident, or retirement opportunities created a host of questions for reference librarians. In some cases the purpose was serious historical research. In a great many more

Louis Shores is dean of the School of Library Training and Service, Florida State University. Dr. Shores is the author of "Basic Reference Works," published under the auspices of the American Library Association.

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cases the aim was recreational. For the reassurance of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, Californians' interest in Florida is reciprocated.

Many Americans used their right of free inquiry to indulge their curiosity. During 1951, for example, the Newark library was asked: "How do you tame a lion?" The Seattle library was asked: "How do you use ultrasonics to repel birds?" In Charlotte: "How do you bathe a skunk?" In Los Angeles: "What kind of a noise does a porcupine make?" And in Detroit: "How do you cook a raccoon?"

Curiosity was not confined to animals. There was curiosity about such literary questions as: "What Dickens character died of spontaneous combustion?" and "What was the color of Tom Sawyer's hair?"

Who asked all of these questions? Americans of both sexes, all ages, and a variety of occupations—students, housewives, business, professional, technical, skilled and unskilled workers, parents, writers, church workers.

From the wide range of reference sources available in the public libraries of these eight cities the following reference books or classes of reference books were apparently most often consulted: (1) dictionaries, with "Webster's New International" most frequently cited; (2) encyclopedias, with the "Britannica" and the "World Book" specifically cited; (3) almanacs, with the "World Almanac" in the lead; (4) atlases, with the "Rand McNally Commercial Atlas" often noted; (5) indexes, the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature" of the H. W. Wilson Company and the "New York Times Index" mentioned; (6) biographical sources, with "Who's Who in America" and "Current Biography" leading.

Other specific titles mentioned include Thomas's "Register of Manufacturers" and Moody's "Manuals for Inventors," "U.S. Statistical Abstract," "Facts-on-File," Fishbein's "Home Medical Adviser," Stevenson's and Bartlett's books of quotations, "Henley's 20th Century Formulas," Thompson's "Encyclopedia of Music," and Kane's "Famous First Facts."

But let the libraries report for themselves.

1. Los Angeles

Harold L. Hamill, City Librarian,
Los Angeles Public Library.

The central building of the Los Angeles Public Library averages more than ten thousand reference questions a week. This vast volume of inquiry maintains a certain constant quality, unaffected by seasonal change and trends in public opinion. Year after year, for example, the secretaries of nearby business firms telephone for help in punctuating or deciphering, by remote control, the aberrations of their employers' thought or handwriting. And the tide of questions relating to patents, directories, business services, geographical locations, population statistics, dates, biographical information, and quotations, lay or Biblical, varies little in any single year. Nevertheless, reference questions, like readers' interests, generally are markedly influenced by events.

The MacArthur controversy, for example, flooded the library with questions not only about all aspects of the General's life, career, personality, and family background, but also about the public issues involved in his differences with the President and the resultant "great debate." These questions ranged from historical precedents concerning the disagreement between a Commander-in-Chief and his field officers all the way to the deeper issues of our Asiatic policy. Of scarcely less general interest were the dramatic television broadcasts of the Kefauver Committee, an interesting example of one occasion, at least, when television actually sent people to their libraries to inquire about crime and criminals and corruption in government.

Many of the questions received by the library were colored by special features of the Los Angeles community, such as the concentration of motion pictures, radio, and television, and the unusually large number of free-lance writers and researchers. It is interesting, in this connection, to note the widespread use of fiction as a reference source by the motion pictures. A forgotten period novel will often contain details of an era unobtainable anywhere else.

Unusual questions that were taken in stride by librarians during the year included the kind of noise a porcupine makes (you may find it described in the "University of Arizona Biological Science Bulletin No. 3"), the Dickens character who dies of spontaneous combustion (Krook in "Bleak House," answered through the "Readers' Handbook"), whether the USA ever let the USSR use our plates to print money (a Congressional hearing on occupational currency transactions found we did, in Germany in 1944.

There are many hardy perennials among individual questions, of course. Recurring over and over again come queries on cost of living, marriage and divorce laws, common abbreviations, time differences around the world. During 1951 we were a little nonplussed to find that in a tourist paradise like Los Angeles there was an unusually large number of requests for travel information to go elsewhere, including considerable interest in the best ways to retire in Florida!

2. New Orleans

John Hall Jacobs, Librarian,
George King Logan, Ass't Librarian,
New Orleans Public Library.

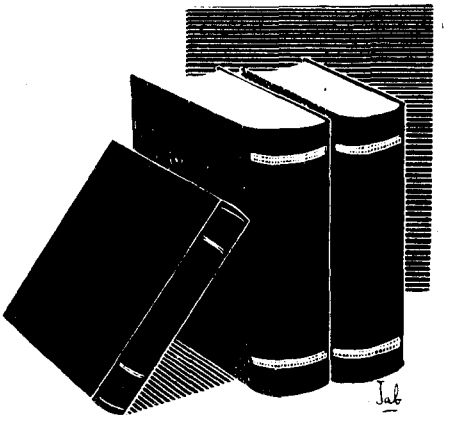
In New Orleans the average citizen thought of his public library's information service first as a source of help for answering the current contest question. Radio programs stimulated thousands of people to telephone the library for assistance from the reference staff who suggested visits to the library—probably resulting in thousands of additional patrons. Other most frequent calls of the year came in approximately the following order: (1) words—their spelling, pronunciation, definition, and use; (2) local information—"Is New Orleans below sea level?" "Who was Louis Philippe's host when he was in New Orleans?" "Did Napoleon ever live in the Napoleon House?" (3) grammar—"Is it shall or will—who or whom?" (4) etiquette—"At a Mardi Gras ball, do the men guests dance?" "What is a 'call-out' to a Carnival ball?" (5) geography—"Where are our army posts in the USA and how do you get to them?"

3. Atlanta

John C. Settelmayer, Director,
Atlanta Public Library.

The topics or subjects that most interested Atlantans were definitions and spelling of words. After that, quotations, questions of grammar, questions of etiquette, addresses of people and companies in other cities, questions concerning biography, genealogy, geography, and history follow in frequency in that order.

It seems to us that more business men and business women ask questions of the Reference Department than any other category of patrons. This includes secretaries who call for their bosses and individuals in busi-



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ness, such as interior decorators, artists, mechanics, etc. After these come students, and finally the curious, that is, the people who are interested in finding out something because they either read an article about it or else because they saw it on TV or heard it on the radio.

Probably the most unusual question which we had was whether there was a name in the Bible which begins with X-two. It actually turned out that the man wanted a quotation from Shakespeare, "Et tu, Brute." We also had such questions as how to tell French poodles to sit down in French; the average annual production of honey per colony of bees in Georgia; and is there a Georgia law which requires boarding houses to change their sheets at stated intervals? Answer to the last question: "There is not."

Most frequently asked were contest questions. In our library it is our policy to answer contest questions if the answers are readily available. An example of their availability would be the question that was most asked during the year: "Who was the first child born in the White House"? When MacArthur made his famous speech there was a deluge of questions concerning the origin of the song "Old Soldiers Never Die," and particularly of the phrase. Another that was asked quite frequently was the origin of the quotation: "You can't go out hunting lions with a pea-shooter." Incidentally, our reference department never was able to find the answer to that one.

4. Charlotte

Hoyt R. Galvin, Director,
Mae Tucker, Reference Assistant,
Public Library of Charlotte & Mecklenburg County, N. C.

The patrons of the Public Library of Charlotte and Mecklenburg County usually set a utilitarian tempo in their reference needs, and 1951 has been no exception. The teachers and students of local high schools and colleges ran a close race with the business people and laborers in competing for the position of chief intelligence seekers. The former requested material in biology, English literature, American and world history, and vocational guidance, while the latter sought information in business management, salesmanship, building construction, and mechanical engineering. Reporters desired principally biographical data. Ministers and church workers required Bible and worship material as well as analyses of current questions. Housewives ran the gauntlet from queries on etiquette, entertaining, house plans and decoration, flower growing, and genealogy to widely assorted book club programs. Current events caused flurries of interest in Korea, United Nations, and impeachment procedure. G.I.'s belatedly sought information on trade schools

and colleges before termination of Government finance of their education. Contest workers were always with, and sometimes against, us, but have temporarily ceded their persistence crown to crossword puzzlers.

The most unusual and unanswerable question was "How much tuna fish was consumed by Negroes in Charlotte from June 1950 to June 1951?" The question "How do you bathe a skunk?" received a general answer on bathing pets from C. B. Moore's "Book of Wild Pets."

5. Newark

John Boynton Kaiser, Director,
Bradley W. Leonard, Principal Librarian,
Lending and Reference Department,
Public Library of Newark, N. J.

Aside from topics growing out of the school curriculum, which we are ignoring, the following seem to be the topics or subjects of greatest interest to the people of Newark:

Consumer information: home repair, radio repair, auto repair, etc.

Laws as they affect the individual: rent laws, housing laws, marriage and divorce laws, income tax laws, labor laws, etc.

Civil service examination information.

Self-improvement: etiquette, letter writing, grammar and spelling, health, etc.

The following are some questions of more than usual interest: "How do you tame a lion?" "What is the crookedest river in the United States?" From a boy: "How can I get along with girls?" From a worried husband: "How can I get my wife's sweater back into shape? I just washed it and it shrunk!" A nine-year-old child requested information on "space and the future."

6. Detroit

Charles M. Mohrhardt, Associate Director,
Roy W. Schlinkert, Reference Services Director,
Detroit Public Library.

Topics of greatest reference interest in the fifteen departments and twenty-six branches of the Detroit Public Library in 1951 ran a wide gamut of subject coverage. Applied psychology, travel information, international relations, government controls as the result of defense mobilization, engineering, genealogy, and biographical questions were most prominently represented at the Main Building.

Most prominently represented in the branches were questions relating to the home, the "how-to-do and make" inquiry, occupations, and hobbies. "Home" subjects included interior decorating, home repair, garage and fence building, homemaking, family life, child care, consumer buying, cooking, family budgets, problems of health, entertaining, and care of pets. "How-to-do" queries covered boats, models of all kinds, slip-covers, building attic rooms, outdoor fireplaces, and miniature golf courses. Tool-making, radio and television, auto mechanics, and civil service opportunities typified the vocational interest. The hobbyists wanted to know about stamps, gardening, ceramics, coin collecting, and sports.

Some unusual questions included: "How do you cook a raccoon?" "Hypnotism from a practical standpoint for a policeman." "Building an electric organ at home." "How closely can money be reproduced?" (It is illegal.) "How can you develop a sense of humor?" "What opera singer practised singing lying down?" (Lawrence Tibbet.) "What is radar cooking?" "How many inches does the top of the Empire State Building sway in a high wind?" (Three inches in a sixty-mile north or south wind.) "How were geese used as messengers by the Chinese?" "What is the present location of stones on which the Ten Commandments were written?"

7. Denver

John T. Easterlick, Librarian,
Doris Wells, Supervisor of Reference,
Public Library, City and County of Denver.

The Denver Library's Reference Department reports that its questions come in waves. There will be many on one topic and then the interest shifts to something else.

There are always many questions concerned with current events. For example, the air waves had hardly ceased to vibrate after MacArthur's speech before people were asking for the words of "Old Soldiers Never Die." This department also had many biographical, geographical, and quotation questions. Students ask the most questions in the reference room. The other patrons form a very representative cross-section of the population of Denver.

Some of the unusual questions con-

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cerned building in ancient times, *i.e.*, codes and methods of building in Egypt, Babylon, Persia, etc.; the width of human hair; the source of the prayer used by Alcoholics Anonymous; the apples of King John. This year the public seemed to be especially interested in Adam and Eve. They asked what language Adam and Eve spoke and if the days of the week were the same during their time as now.

The questions most frequently asked of the reference department concerned addresses (persons, firms, organizations), quotations, meanings of names, bibliographical information about books, grammar, etiquette, definitions, and spelling. The questions which stumped the librarians were statistics on the trade of Russia with her satellites, and the source of the quotation, "Out West where women are women."

8. Seattle

John S. Richards, Librarian,
Willard O. Youngs, Ass't Librarian,
Seattle Public Library.

Here they are, the dominating patterns among the ten thousand inquiries reaching Seattle's public library each month:

Questions affecting the pocket-book: requests for consumer information, automobile repair data, and manufacturing specifications. Most frequent inquiry: "What is the best TV set to buy?"

Inquiries reflecting topics of the day: background data on Congressmen and state legislators, the 1950 population figures, Seattle's centennial celebration, fill-in on the Truman-MacArthur controversy. Most frequent question for April: "How do you impeach the President?" Question most often heard: "What's the cost-of-living index this month?"

Questions concerning literature: identification of maxims, poems, and familiar quotations.

Who wants to know all this? Housewives and students, engineers and industrial workers, club women and writers, Sadie, the office secretary, and, one assistant adds bitterly, "idle old men."

Most unusual question of the year: "How can you use ultrasonics to repel birds?" (The inquirer was referred to design of ultrasonic sirens in QST, October 1943, p. 10). Another odd request was for an explanation of the use of the Japanese abacus. Company policies regarding smoking on the job were also investigated. Ample evidence of tolerant policies in this regard was readily found.

A Dozen New Ways to Find Out

WAYNE SHIRLEY

NINETEEN fifty-one was a landmark year in reference books, for the new "Mudge" appeared on December 7. True, Miss Constance Winchell was the editor, but she will have to wait to become the institution Miss Isadore Mudge now is. Too many librarians were raised on the six previous editions for them to call the work by any name except "Mudge." This large volume is the frame in which all reference books either do or do not find their places, so all discussions of reference books properly begin with a reference to "Mudge." The bibliographical details are:

GUIDE TO REFERENCE BOOKS. Seventh edition. By Constance M. Winchell. Based on the GUIDE TO REFERENCE BOOKS. Sixth Edition. By Isadore Gilbert Mudge. Chicago: American Library Association. 645 pp. $10.

The past year was notable also for another departure. Many sound, useful reference works began appearing in pocket-book, paperback format. One good example is: THE POCKET BOOK OF GREAT DRAWINGS. By Paul J. Sachs. New York: Pocket Books. 112 pp. 35 cents. Here is an art book by a professor of fine arts at Harvard University which contains sixty-nine drawings, a list of the schools and the dates of artists whose works are reproduced, and four pages of recommended readings, all for thirty-five cents. What more can an impecunious scholar ask?

The great difficulty with these books is finding the proper place to buy them. They are found wherever the detective and confession magazines are sold, as they are distributed by the same firms, but these few grains of learning are concealed among much bosomy chaff.

In making his selections for the following list of important reference books of the past year, the writer has applied a few simple yardsticks. Some reference works are published at regular intervals. Others are published only once or are revised so seldom that the new edition differs markedly from earlier editions. Since the important books in the first group are already familiar to *SRL* readers through the magazine's annual surveys in the past, all books described below come from the latter group. Only books in English were considered, and as a rule only works of one volume.

The Arts

DICTIONARY OF THE ARTS. By Martin L. Wolf. New York: Philosophical Library. 797 *pp.* $10.

MR. WOLF has interpreted "the arts" as any activity of a cultural nature which is of interest to man. By a simple device he has done away with the frequent repetition of (q.v.) and similar directional aids: he writes in italics any words used in a definition which are themselves defined in this book. Thus a user can tell at a glance whether he has enough information for his purpose or whether he must seek further. There are some 10,000 definitions, all of them written with clarity and conciseness.

Current Affairs

THE ARMY ALMANAC: A Book of Facts Concerning the Army of the United States. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1009 *pp.* $3.

ANY PERSON who expects to dwell outside the shadow of the military for the next few years at least is indeed an optimist, so it seems obvious that we should know more about our army. Here is the authority. The preface states its purpose: ". . . to gather in a single volume useful data concerning the United States Army

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Wayne Shirley is dean of the library school of the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.

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since its establishment. It is designed to serve members of the Military Establishment as a handy reference source, and to provide editors, commentators, and others concerned with public information, an organized body of material about the Army."

CIVIL RIGHTS IN THE UNITED STATES. By Alison Reppy. New York: Central Book Co. 298 pp. $4.50.

THIS book is sponsored by forty-nine lawyers, including a number considered by the general public as belonging to the conservative wing of the profession. The lawyers evidently are distressed by recent events in the United States, so the book deals chiefly with the developments of years 1948-50.

Books by lawyers are usually so peppered with references to John vs. Jane Doe 45 U. S. 469 that they make hard reading for the layman, and this book is no exception. However, the cases dealt with are still so fresh in the public mind, that the references here come quickly to life.

HOW TO GET IT FROM THE GOVERNMENT. By Stacy V. Jones. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 104 pp. $1.50.

Recent news dispatches from Washington give this title a certain ambiguity, so it might be well to state at once that the author has in mind only public requests to official agencies. Influence is not considered. Here, then, is John Q. Public's book about how to do business with his Government on such matters as social security, a job with the Government, family records, personal protection, and Federal housing.

The Household

CREATING HOOKED RUGS. By Vera B. Underhill and Arthur J. Burks. New York: Coward-McCann. 110 pp. $6.

THIS may not be the hooked rug book the world is waiting for, but it certainly will give stiff competition to those which have preceded it, and it will challenge the future writer to do as well. After reading a while, almost any reader will become convinced that he too is capable of creating a beautiful rug.

The chapters mix the beautiful and the practical. For example: "Your Own Magic Carpet," "Hooked Rug Therapy," "Cost and Care," "Dyeing is Fun." Here are names of some of the rugs: Easter Parade, Star Flower, Double Flower, Small Rosebud, Peeking Pansies, Home for Thanksgiving.

DYKE'S AUTOMOBILE AND GASOLINE ENGINE ENCYCLOPEDIA. Twenty-second edition. Chicago: Goodheart-Wilcox Co. 1232+120 pp. $7.50.

The time has passed when most men took pride in being their own repairmen if things went wrong with the car, but the pride still lingers in other forms. Other gasoline-powered equipment is becoming common—power mowers for example—and things have a way of happening to them. A comprehensive index explains where to start when trouble comes, and the text frequently tells where one can purchase what is needed. The book is written with the sound assumption that all cars and motors are not of 1952 vintage.

INSECTS IN YOUR LIFE. By C. H. Curran. New York: Sheridan House. 316 pp. $3.50.

To the householder it sometimes seems that insects are the winners in the battle for existence. This book tells why, and also tells us how to wage the struggle with some confidence of victory. Some of the chapters are: "Insects About the House," "Clothes Moths," "Ticks and Human Welfare," "Carpet Beetles," and "The Truth About Termites." Some chapters have a literary flavor: "The Wooly Bear Caterpillar," "Meet the Blue-tail Fly," and "The Insects of the American Aborigines."

MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR FOOD FREEZER. By Marie Armstrong Essipoff. New York: Rinehart & Co. 310 pp. $3.

The quickest and certainly the most alluring manner of describing this book is to quote some of the chapter headings: "Who Needs a Food Freezer? Everyone," "The Things You Put in It," "Other Aids in Packing," "Modern Buying," "When You Can," "Stockpiling for the Food Freezer," "Foods to Plant and Grow," "Freeze and Eat," "Foods that Walk and Fly," "Let Us Eat Cake," "Pies, Plural," and "What is Your I. C. [ice cream] Quota?"

For Writers

CLASSICAL MYTHS IN SCULPTURE. By Walter Raymond Agard. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota. Press. 203 pp. $5.

THE first words of the book are: "With the possible exception of the Bible, no single literary source

Basic References

WHAT books ought every American home have on its reference shelf? The question can be answered only if it is understood that the actual titles probably will not be the same for any two households. But there are certain classes of books that are almost indispensable. I suggest that the following fifteen classes would form an adequate basic collection for most American families:

1. THE BIBLE. There are many versions and editions. Selection will be based on church membership and the advice of your pastor.
2. ADULT ENCYCLOPEDIA. Leading American examples are "Americana," "Britannica," "Collier's," for multi-volume sets; "Columbia," "Lincoln Library of Essential Information," for one-volume works.
3. CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. Leading American examples are "American Educator," "Britannica Junior," "Compton's Pictured," "World Book." One not arranged alphabetically is "Book of Knowledge."
4. ADULT DICTIONARY. Leading American unabridged examples are "Webster's New International," "Funk and Wagnalls New Standard"; leading American abridged (over 100,000 words) are "American College," "Funk and Wagnalls College Standard," "Webster's New Collegiate," "Winston's."
5. CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S DICTIONARY. For high school age: "Thorndike-Century Senior" or "Webster Students"; intermediate grades: "Thorndike-Century Junior" or "Webster Elementary"; very young children: "Golden" or "Rainbow."
6. FIRST AID. Standard is the "American Red Cross Manual," although there are others.
7. INFANT CARE. The U.S. Government Printing Office has delivered over six million copies at 25c each of its publications under that title.
8. HOUSEHOLD. For repairs, improvements, decorations around the house there are many manuals. One of the best is "Woman's Home Companion Household Book."
9. COOKBOOK. Leading American examples include "Boston Cooking School," Givens's "Encyclopedia of Cooking," "Settlement Cook Book," and "Woman's Home Companion Cook Book."
10. ETIQUETTE. Emily Post is almost a synonym, but there are an increasing number of other good books and one or two especially for teen-agers.
11. GARDEN. Numerous good ones are available. Some examples are E. L. Seymour's "New Garden Encyclopedia," Norman Taylor's "Encyclopedia of Gardening," John Wister's "Woman's Home Companion Garden Book."
12. ATLAS. Leading American examples are "Rand McNally Cosmopolitan," "Hammond Library World," "Hammond Complete World"; the leading British example is "Batholomew Advanced Atlas of Modern Geography."
13. YEARBOOK. To keep up with the world during the past year any one of these yearbooks will prove highly informative and entertaining: "American Annual," "Britannica Book of the Year," "Collier's Yearbook," "New International Yearbook."
14. ALMANAC. For quick facts and statistics: "Information Please Almanac" or "World Almanac."
15. NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES. Every American household already subscribes to several but a balanced diet provides at least one good daily newspaper, and one weekly and one monthly magazine of interest to every member of the family, which may include a news, book review, literary, pictorial, woman's, man's, child's, and hobby interest magazine as required.

—LOUIS SHORES.

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has been used so often by European and American sculptors as the stories from classical mythology." No more need be added except that the ninety-seven sculptures represented range from the "Aphrodite" of Cyrene to the "Atlas" of Rockefeller Center. There is a useful ten-page "Glossary of Divinities and Heroes."

A CONCISE DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH IDIOMS. By William Freeman. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 300 *pp.* $2.95.

This is an English book but will delight American users nonetheless. "Hard drinker" is defined as "one who drinks beer, wine, etc., frequently and in large quantities." The author set himself the goal of writing a book which is "a good deal more than a dictionary. I want it as a solace and diversion during an insomnia-ridden night." He achieves his goal, for turning the pages is a series of surprises.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN ENGLISH SINCE 1900. *By Eric Partridge and John W. Clark. New York: Philosophical Library.* 341 *pp.* $4.75.

This book deals with English from many points of view, including written and spoken English, literary and non-literary English, and English as a subject of instruction. English is treated geographically, and we learn the state of the art in the United States, some of the Dominions, and in India—the last-named being one example of English in dire peril.

The authors treat the various Englishes as being as good as The King's English, only different.

Atlas

THE AMERICAN OXFORD ATLAS. By Sir Clinton Lewis and J. D. Campbell. New York: Oxford University Press. $10.

THIS is a fine atlas, but the purchaser must not expect that it is in any sense of the word an "American" atlas. True, there is one plate named Chicago, but the territory covered extends from Cincinnati to Kansas City. This is more extensive than the Chicagoland of Colonel McCormick. Another plate is named New York, the most prominent geographical feature of which is Lake Huron.

Yet in the true sense of the word this is a world atlas, displaying so many happy improvements in cartographical techniques that it can be put to use at once to aid one's understanding of the backgrounds of the news of the day. The presentation of resources, population, and geographical characterizations of all regions is clear and spirited.

Erudite Nonsense

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF NURSERY RHYMES. Edited By Iona and Peter Opie. New York: Oxford University Press. 467 *pp.* $8.

By Ben Redman

IT IS hard to believe that this learned work, which supersedes Halliwell's "The Nursery Rhymes of England" — from which, the present editors assure us, all books and papers on the subject have derived for a century—will itself ever be superseded. Here are more than five hundred rhymes and songs, arranged in an alphabetical order based on their most prominent words, given in their first recorded versions, entertainingly illustrated, and furnished with copious notes that are the product of amazing industry and remarkable erudition; notes that trace the rhymes to their origins, record the verbal changes they have undergone and their parallels in other languages, explain the circumstances of their popularity, and point to any literary influence they may have had.

For almost everyone, of course, save for specialists in the field, this will be a book for dipping, and its readers will pull from it enough plums for a thousand curious Jack Horners. They will learn, among a multitude of other facts, the names by which Humpty Dumpty is known in France, Sweden, Switzerland, Finland, and different parts of Germany; and that his English name has been given to a seventeenth-century drink of boiled ale-and-brandy as well as to a nineteenth-century American game. They will be told when and by whom "Mary had a little lamb" was written, and will find that the two prevailing theories regarding the origin of "Who killed Cock Robin" are compatible. They will be assured and will readily be-

—"The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes."

"Jack Horner's Witty Pranks" (c.1770.)

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lieve that a great deal of nonsense has been written about the ancient or mystical significance of the most famous of all nonsense rhymes, "Hey diddle, diddle, The cat and the fiddle," and that the same is true of "Jack and Jill." The "direct inspiration of Lear's limericks" will be revealed to them, in the shape of five lines on an old man from Tobago, published about 1822. They will be helped towards an understanding of "A diller, a dollar, A ten o'clock scholar" by the information that "diller" is Yorkshire for a dull schoolboy. They will discover that "King of the Castle" goes back to a Roman game, that "Old Mother Hubbard" is a steal from the century older "Old Dame Trot, and Her Comical Cat," and that the rhyme of Little Jack Horner may well preserve the story of how the steward of the last abbot of Glastonbury became possessed of the Manor of Mells. Most surprisingly of all, perhaps, they will be led behind the innocent words of "London Bridge is falling down," to face the possibility that this song preserves "the memory of a dark and terrible rite of past times," by which supposedly angry rivers were propitiated when bridges were thrown across them. They will learn, too, that more than one nursery rhyme was originally and most definitely not meant for children. But each reader, charting his own course through this enchanting volume, will make his own discoveries. And when, first or last, he reads the comprehensive introduction which broadly surveys the whole field he will be sure that good common sense as well as sound scholarship, rather than a lively imagination and a gift for guessing, have gone into the making of this "Dictionary." It takes a distinguished place among the Oxford books that bear the proud legend — "At the Clarendon Press."

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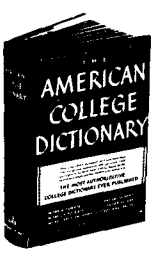

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A Year's Harvest

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In addition to the books reviewed on the preceding pages,* 1951 *saw the publication of the following notable reference works:*

Dictionaries

THE AMERICAN VEST POCKET DICTIONARY. Edited by Jess Stein. New York: Random House. 320 pp. 95c. A small dictionary, defining more than 30,000 words, based on the "American College Dictionary."

THE CONCISE OXFORD EDITION OF CURRENT ENGLISH. Adapted by H. W. Fowler and F. G. Fowler from "The Oxford Dictionary." Fourth edition revised by E. McIntosh. New York: Oxford University Press. 1544 pp. $4. For this edition numerous corrections and additions have been incorporated, the senses have been numbered, and the general abbreviations have been collected into an appendix.

A DICTIONARY OF AMERICANISMS ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES. Edited by Mitford M. Mathews. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 2 vols. 1962 pp. $50. A dictionary of words and expressions that originated or have acquired new meanings in the United States. American nicknames and well-established slang expressions are also included.

A DICTIONARY OF BIOLOGY. By M. Abercrombie and others. Baltimore: Penguin Books. 246 pp. Paperbound, 50c. Brief explanations of two thousand biological terms.

DICTIONARY OF FOREIGN WORDS AND PHRASES. By Maxim Newmark. New York: Philosophical Library. 245 pp. $6. Foreign words, phrases, mottos, proverbs, place names, titles, allusions, and abbreviations translated from the Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Russian, Hebrew, and other languages.

A DICTIONARY OF LITERARY TERMS. By Charles Duffy and Henry Pettit. Denver: University of Denver Press. 115 pp. $2. Definitions of commonly used literary terms from "abstract" to "zeugma."

A DICTIONARY OF MUSIC. By Robert Illing. Baltimore: Penguin Books. 318 pp. Paperbound, 65c. Defines musical terms, gives brief biographies of persons in the world of music, and describes musical instruments.

EVERYMAN'S DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS AND PROVERBS. Compiled by D. C. Browning. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 776 pp. $3.75. A revision and enlargement of "Everyman's Dictionary of Quotations."

INTERLINGUA-ENGLISH. Prepared by the research staff of the International Auxiliary Language Association. New York: Storm Publishers. 479 pp. $5. A dictionary of an auxiliary international language composed of words with roots common to most Western languages.

NEW AMERICAN WEBSTER DICTIONARY. New York: New American Library. 414 pp. Paperbound, 25c. An entirely new dictionary defining the most essential words plus a gazetteer and list of foreign phrases.

A PROTESTANT DICTIONARY. By Vergilus T. A. Ferm. New York: Philosophical Library. 292 pp. $5. Definitions of religious terms, doctrines, movements connected with Protestant Christianity.

THORNDIKE-BARNHART COMPREHENSIVE DESK DICTIONARY. Edited by Clarence L. Barnhart. New York: Doubleday & Co. 896 pp. $2.75. Thumb indexed, $3.25. De luxe edition, $3.75. More than 80,000 entries, including new words and colloquialisms in current use.

Atlases

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA WORLD ATLAS. Chicago: Encyclopaedia Britannica. 505 pp. $25. A revision incorporating material gathered during the past decade. Many revisions have been made to the section on "The World Scene."

HAMMOND'S CITY STREET MAP ATLAS AND TRIP GUIDE. Maplewood, N. J.: C. S. Hammond & Co. 192 pp. $1.95. Highway, railroad, airline, and bus route maps of the United States, together with street maps of seventy-eight major cities.

HAMMOND'S NEW COMPREHENSIVE WORLD ATLAS. Garden City, N. Y.: Garden City Books. 31 pp. $1. A new small atlas.

RAND McNALLY COSMOPOLITAN WORLD ATLAS. Chicago: Rand McNally Co. 392 pp. $12.50. A revised edition including six new regional maps, a new section of comparative world maps, and many new population figures.

RAND McNALLY-POCKET WORLD ATLAS. New York: Pocket Books. 232 pp. 35c. The 174 pages of maps, many of them in full color, give complete world coverage. A universal index contains the latest census figures.

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RAND McNALLY ROAD ATLAS OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND MEXICO. Chicago: Rand McNally Co. 112 pp. $3. Paperbound, $1.25. Maps of states and provinces, mileage charts, and maps of forty-eight cities.

RAND McNALLY STANDARD WORLD ATLAS. Chicago: Rand McNally Co. 400 pp. $5.95. A new atlas, smaller than folio size, presenting up-to-date facts and figures. A section describes places of interest in the United States.

Yearbooks

THE BALLET ANNUAL, 1951. Edited by Arnold L. Haskell. New York: The Macmillan Co. 143 pp. $4.50. A critical review of the recent work of such companies as the New York City Ballet, Ballet Theatre, Sadler's Wells, and others.

INFORMATION PLEASE ALMANAC 1952. Edited by John Kieran. New York: The Macmillan Co. 896 pp. $2.50. Paperbound, $1. The latest issue of a now standard compendium of facts.

ISRAEL YEARBOOK, 1950-1951. New York: Zionist Organization of America. 380 pp. $3.75. Lists, statistics, and resumes of economic and cultural activities in Israel.

MUSIC 1951. Edited by Ralph Hill. Baltimore: Penguin Books. 281 pp. Paperbound, 65c. A critical review of the musical year in Great Britain, together with articles on such topics as the music of India, the role of the accompanist, and the compositions of William Walton.

STATESMAN'S YEARBOOK. Edited by S. H. Steinberg. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1624 pp. $6.50. The eighty-eighth annual issue of a standard reference book on the nations of the world.

THE THEATRE BOOK OF THE YEAR, 1950-1951. By George Jean Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Resumes and criticisms of the season in New York.

THE WORLD ALMANAC AND BOOK OF FACTS. Edited by Harry Hansen. New York: The World-Telegram and Sun. 912 pp. Paperbound, $1. 1952 edition of a standard work.

YEAR: Your Lifetime in Pictures. Los Angeles: Year, Inc. $5.95. Latest issue in this annual review of national and international events profusely illustrated with photographs. Introduction by Arnold J. Toynbee.

Biography

WHO'S WHO, 1951. New York: The Macmillan Co. 3210 pp. $13.50. The 103rd annual issue of the British biographical dictionary incorporates material up until the end of 1950.

WHO'S WHO IN THE UNITED NATIONS. By Christian E. Burckel and others. Yonkers, N. Y.: Christian E. Burckel & Assoc. 592 pp. $12. Biographical information about delegates and officials, foreign ministers and conferees of the United Nations.

Bible

THE HOME BIBLE. Arranged by Ruth Hornblower Greenough. New York: Harper & Bros. 747 pp. $6. The Bible story rearranged as prose and verse under topical headings and without chapter and verse divisions. Based on the King James version.

THE INTERPRETER'S BIBLE. Nashville: Abingdon-Cokesbury. Vol. 7. 941 pp. $8.75. The first volume to be published in an extensive new work giving the Holy Scriptures in both the King James and Revised Standard versions, together with general articles and exposition for each book. This volume embodies the Gospels of Matthew and Mark.

Miscellaneous

THE AMERICAN HOUSEHOLD ENCYCLOPEDIA. Edited by Nathan H. Mager and S. K. Mager. New York: Pocket Books. $2.95. A compendium of information about caring for the house, home decorating, gardening, repair work, painting, etc.

THE BUSINESSMAN'S BOOK OF QUOTATIONS. Edited by Ralph L. Woods. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 324 pp. $4. Fifteen hundred quotations running the gamut from advertising to unions and representing the thought of Aristotle, Jefferson, Stalin, Walter Reuther, and many others.

A FIELD GUIDE TO THE BUTTERFLIES OF NORTH AMERICA EAST OF THE GREAT PLAINS. By Alexander B. Klots. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 365 pp. $3.75. A new volume in the Peterson Field Guide Series. Each species native to the area is illustrated and thoroughly described.

GREAT THOUGHTS OF GREAT AMERICANS. Compiled by Constance Bridges. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 316 pp. $2.95. Excerpts from American oratory, journalism, and other literature expressing the views of prominent Americans from Willam Bradford to Paul Hoffman.

A GUIDE TO FOLKLORE. By Levette J. Davidson. Denver: University of Denver Press. 143 pp. $2. Definitions of the various types of American folklore, bibliographies of the important books on each subject, etc.

A GUIDE TO MEDICINE. By Ivo G. Cobb, M.D., and others. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 416 pp. $5. Alphabetically arranged definitions of medical and physiological terms, as well as thirty articles on such subdivisions of medicine as prenatal care, surgery anesthetics, etc.

HANDBOOK OF DENOMINATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES. By Frank Spencer Mead. Nashville: Abingdon-Cokesbury. 207 pp. $2.75. An alphabetical directory of 255 religious denominations active in the United States, giving their origin, history, basic doctrines, and current status.

THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD IN THREE HUNDRED PAGES. By Rene Sedillot. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 320 pp. $2.95. A survey of history from prehistoric times to the present, divided into such sections as "The Ancient World," "The Thousand Years of Rome," and "The Anglo-Saxon Centuries."

HOW TO KNOW THE AMERICAN MAMMALS. By Ivan T. Sanderson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 164 pp. $2.50. Also published in a paperbound edition by New American Library, New York, at 35c. A concise field guide with line drawings by the author.

THE OFFICIAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BASEBALL. By Hy Turkin and S. C. Thompson. New York: A. S. Barnes. 640 pp $5. Records, statistics, diagrams, and players' records covering organized baseball's history.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO THE THEATRE. Edited by Phyllis Hartnoll. New York: Oxford University Press. 890 pp. $8. Information about the theatre and actors, designed for playgoers.

PUBLIC OPINION, 1935-1946. Edited by Hadley Cantril and Mildred Strunk. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 1250 pp. $25. A compilation of the results of many public opinion polls taken by twenty-three organizations in sixteen countries.

THE RECORD GUIDE. By Edward Sackville-West and Desmond Shawe-Taylor. New York: British Book Centre. 763 pp. $6.75. A guide to British phonograph records of classical music arranged alphabetically and with critical comments.

SCHIRMER'S GUIDE TO BOOKS ON MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. Compiled by Robert D. Carrell. New York: G. Schirmer. 438 pp. $6. Listings of books available in English as well as a few in foreign languages.

A STAMP COLLECTOR'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. Compiled by R. J. Sutton. New York: Philosophical Library. 263 pp. $3.75. Translations of foreign words and phrases appearing on stamps, a gazetteer of countries issuing stamps, abbreviations and meanings of stamp terms, etc.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Private Willis, in "Iolanthe." 2. Judge, in "Trial by Jury." 3. Lady Jane, in "Patience." 4. The Mikado, in "The Mikado." 5. The Duchess of Plaza-Toro, in "The Gondoliers." 6. Ruth, in "The Pirates of Penzance." 7. John Wellington Wells, in "The Sorcerer." 8. The Lord Chancellor, in "Iolanthe." 9. Captain Corcoran, in "Pinafore." 10. King Gama, in "Princess Ida." 11. Robin (or Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd), in "Ruddigore." 12. Phoebe, in "Yeomen of the Guard."

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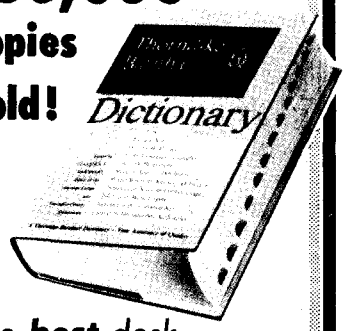

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Ideas on Film

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm Motion Picture

DOCUMENTARY SNAKE PITS

EVER since a Hollywood movie was made of "The Snake Pit" we have been due a serious documentary about breakdowns and life in a mental institution. Now almost simultaneously two such films have appeared: "Breakdown," filmed and distributed by the Canadian Government, and "Out of True," filmed and distributed by the British Government. Both were filmed in real hospitals under nearly ideal conditions.

Of course, the films should be seen under auspicious circumstances. The audience should be limited to twenty or thirty people, and a competent person (psychiatrist, psychologist, or psychiatric social worker) should be in attendance to answer appropriate questions and stimulate group discussion. Showings on television and in large theatre groups, however well-intentioned they may be, seem to me always to smack of the sensational.

With half the country's hospital beds now given over to mental patients, there is an obvious need for these films. Just as the number of patients has risen sharply in the past half century, so has the ability to recognize symptoms of mental illness and the scientific skills to treat the ailments. These two films will surely make it easier for all of us—family, friends, neighbors, even patients—to understand and accept mental illness and the treatments it demands and can get.

OUT OF TRUE. Produced by Crown Film Unit. Distributed by the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. Purchase prints are available from the International Film Bureau, 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. (40 min.)

Almost everyone today has acquired a trust in psychiatry, because of or despite the somewhat distorted attention it has received in the popular press, radio, and movies. But investigations have shown that few people actually recognize and attach importance to many of the serious symptoms of mental illness. The symptoms shown in "Out of True" leave little room for doubt, for its heroine, Molly Slade, is an attempted suicide who literally jumps in the river to escape her inner fears and torments, after which she is rescued and taken to a mental hospital. Thereupon the audience is introduced to a number of the modern treatments used in psychiatric institutions. Her past life, her relationships to her husband, children, and mother-in-law, are slowly and subtly revealed, but emphasis throughout the film is on hospital life rather than personal life. Molly Slade gets well, of course, but not without typical ups-and-downs—giving up all hope, making improvement, running away from the hospital, learning again to trust where formerly she had only feared.

The story of "Out of True" is basically suspenseful and exciting. Jane Hylton's performance in the difficult leading role is about as fine a bit of acting as has ever been done in so dramatic a film. Philip Leacock has added an imaginative director's touch. Much of the film is excellent, and there is little that is not at least well done. The opening sequences, for example, give a most fortuitous pictorial distinction between the world of dreams and the world of reality, making it quite possible for those in the audience who are little schooled in psychiatry to sense and suffer Molly's inability to distinguish between the two. These opening sequences alone should win the film applause for their remarkable conception and expert handling. There are many such excellent concepts in the film, many fine scenes and much praiseworthy dialogue. The exchange of words between Molly's husband and his mother on the subject of Molly's homecoming and the mother's departure are about as profound and direct as one could ever hope to hear.

"Out of True" is a distinctly British film. People who are looking for something to complain about in the film can say that the settings are somewhat foreign to us and that the conversation at times is not our kind of colloquialism. But "Out of True" has a world of things to show and say. If you give it your attention, you are apt to learn a great deal.

BREAKDOWN. Produced by the National Film Board of Canada, and distributed by its New York office at 1270 Avenue of the Americas. Purchase prints are available from McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y. (41 min.)

This Canadian film is quite different in its approach to mental illness, and different, too, in mood from the British film. Twenty-three-year-old Ann Morton is presented to the audience in a more complex way than Molly Slade. Ann runs away from herself, but hers is a slower and more painful attempt to escape the problems which haunt her. The first half of "Breakdown" is given over to her gradual recession from unhappiness into loneliness, solitude, fear, delusion.

Robert Anderson, who produced and directed "Breakdown" (and whose mental health films began back in 1946 with "The Feeling of Rejection"), has attempted a singularly difficult

—From "Breakdown."

—From "Out of True."

". . . a variety of symptoms in mental illness."

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job in choosing to illustrate the step-by-step deterioration of Anne's personality. The results, while eminently successful in an over-all way, are not without major weaknesses. These weaknesses stem mainly from an overdose of dramatic effects in the scenes of Ann alone. The successes belong mainly to the scenes of interaction between Ann and her employer, her friends and family, her doctors, nurses, and her companions in the hospital.

At a certain point in the first part of the film it seems to me that Ann's symptoms should have been more cogently capsuled rather than treated in an orderly way, in full filmic time. Such symptoms as she shows are probably beyond order and time anyway. There are values to be gained in depicting the stages of a breakdown, but this film does not fully achieve them. Neither for that matter does the British film, but then it doesn't try so hard. Both films are aimed not at showing why people get sick, but how they get sick; not how they get well, but that they can be treated and they can get well. In both films there are many clues to the causes of illness, but no easy answers. In "Breakdown" the clues are to be found in the regimented and rigid household in which Ann has lived all her life, in the characterizations of her mother, father, and brother, in Ann's own inability to see her distress. It would take a professional person months to put the clues together clearly and accurately; naturally a film cannot state them fully in a matter of minutes. But they are neatly woven into the story, and that is the important part.

Perhaps intentionally "Breakdown" is a plainer and less polished film than "Out of True." The opening sequences of the two films make an interesting contrast, yet both in my opinion are sound and skilfully handled. Both films use backgrounds and minor characters to full effectiveness— in "Breakdown" the girl who sneaks extra cigarettes and the nurse who watches her are delightfully amusing and real. Both films deserve to be seen and talked about as exceptionally interesting productions and as important conveyors of facts and ideas.

THE UNDEFEATED. Produced by World-Wide Pictures. Distributed for the British Information Services by Brandon Films, 200 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y. (35 min.)

This is the rehabilitation story of a glider pilot who crashed in Germany and lost both legs as well as his speech. Intended to help bring about a closer feeling of understanding between England's million pensioners and the Ministry of Pensions, which looks after their interests, the film has even wider implications. In many ways this recounting of Joe Anderson's special disabilities and his eventual recovery also tells the story of England's first courageous and good-humored efforts to get back to her postwar feet after having learned how it feels to be an underdog.

"The Undefeated" is the first important documentary production of a young British director named Paul Dickson, about whom the motion picture world is sure to hear a great deal in future. In this film Dickson employs a gimmick which until now has been better left unemployed—the "I" of the story is the actual eye of the camera lens. The audience sees the narrator's hands on the screen as he opens the car door outward; as the narrator walks down the office corridor the screen shows what he sees from the angle he stands at. The device is a tricky one, but it works here and fits well with the film's surprise ending.

Some of our own Government agencies have released films about the rehabilitation of disabled soldiers, but none I have seen compares with this British film for sheer emotional honesty. As is often the case in British productions, there is a fair amount of humor to tide one through the spots that are hard to take, just as there often is in real life. The one important fault I find in "The Undefeated" is the cavalier way in which Joe is allowed to regain his speech after he has made a good adjustment to his artificial limbs. This is pure theatre. Even if it can be proven to be true, it is out of place in a film of this kind and doesn't speak well for the medical facilities at Joe's disposal.

In every other way it is a thoroughly fine film. Gerald Pearson in the role of Joe Anderson has created a tremendous and truly unforgettable character. Leo Genn's reading of the narration adds distinction and a soft eloquence to the sound track. James Carr was the producer, and Paul Dickson, as I say, directed and also wrote the film.

At the moment Dickson is in Canada directing another rehabilitation film of which Robert Anderson is producer. This is to be a kind of offspring of "Breakdown," showing the sort of problems faced by the family of a hospitalized mental patient. Anderson

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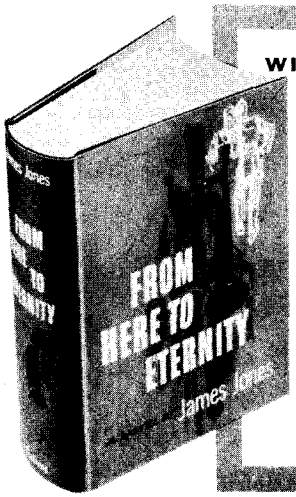

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himself is directing a new film on old age and has plans for another on alcoholism.

H—THE STORY OF A TEEN-AGE DRUG ADDICT. Produced by Larry Frisch and distributed by Young America Films, 18 E. 41st St., New York 17, N. Y. (22 min.)

Several years ago there were reviewed in THE FILM FORUM two films about drug addiction which were widely circulated in Canada, where they had been written and directed by Robert Anderson, of the Canadian National Film Board. At the request of the U. S. Bureau of Narcotics the Canadian Government has withheld these two films, "The Drug Addict" and its shortened version, "Payoff in Pain," from distribution on this side of the border.

"H" is an American film that grew out of the alarming scandals of drug addiction among city teen-agers. The film is not on a professional par with the two Canadian films, but it is a fairly remarkable achievement, conceived, written, and directed by twenty-two-year-old Larry Frisch more or less on his own. It tells the story of the dilemma of one teen-age drug addict as frankly as can be expected at this time.

The film begins in a hospital with young Bill Daniels writhing in his bed as he undergoes "withdrawal" treatment for his addiction to heroin. Through flashbacks we see the circumstances which led him where he is—a joyless home, tubercular mother, after-school job, and then one night a big party where Bill is given his first marijuana cigarette. It is not long before Bill has quit high school, lost touch with his old friends, and taken up with a new crowd dominated by a drug peddler called Moose. Before long Moose persuades Bill to try heroin, and Bill is, as they say, "hooked."

When Bill is dismissed from his hospital "cure," he has little on his mind except to start up with the drug again. The social workers at the hospital had told him to call them if he needed them. At home Bill is preparing his paraphernalia for the drug when Moose enters dramatically in desperate need of the heroin himself. Bill sees his own future in Moose, who is now a maddened slave to the drug. Bill gives Moose the heroin and lifts the telephone. "My only chance for a new way of life," he says, "is at the other end of that telephone."

Any group that is able to take constructive steps against the illegal selling and consumption of narcotic drugs might well find this film useful in gaining community support.

—CECILE STARR.

PERSONAL HISTORY

(*Continued from page 15*)

smiled and allowed these stories [!] to run their course. Not once did he ever trouble to deny, and he laughed heartily when they were seriously mentioned.

Colvin obviously attaches no greater importance to these "stories" than did Canaris himself. But any student of German history and all who lived through the struggle of the Weimar Republic against its inner enemies have no doubt that these accusations were well founded. They found nothing amusing in Canaris's sinister activities.

Mr. Colvin traces Canaris's career from 1938, when he sent secret emissaries to London and the Vatican, advising the Allies to stand firm against any appeasement of Hitler, to the plot of July 20, 1944. He credits Canaris with saving Churchill's life by purposely bungling a scheme for his assassination; with keeping Franco out of the war; with systematically supplying Hitler with misinformation about the British defenses; with betraying Germany's invasion plans to the Dutch.

There is a "but" to each of these services Canaris supposedly performed for the Allies. Some of the contrary evidence Mr. Colvin himself mentions in passing. Without doubt Canaris was shrewd and clearsighted enough to realize at an early stage that Germany could not win. The sorcerer's apprentice wanted to get rid of the monster he himself had helped to create. He had done more than any other man to put Franco into power, thwarting the opposition of both General Von Fritsch and General Beck to German intervention in the Spanish Civil War. In advising Franco to remain neutral Canaris actually saved his friend's life and fortune. While Canaris failed to report in time on Operation "Torch" (the Allied invasion of North Africa) and on other Allied military plans, the explanation for these failures may be found not in his secret sympathy for England but rather in the shortcomings and inefficiency of the German spy system. Even the much-praised British Intelligence Service more than once bungled and blundered. One must accept German espionage as infallible to regard its occasional mistakes as proof of Canaris's treason.

Munich was a terrible blow against all anti-Nazi forces in Germany. It discouraged and confused them, and made war inevitable. Equally shortsighted was the Allied demand for unconditional surrender. But it is one thing to criticize unconditional surrender as negative and sterile, and another to advocate—as Colvin does—that the Western Powers should have established an alliance with Canaris and men like him.

"Master Spy" is a very interesting book. It will also prove to be an important and useful one provided the reader is not carried away by the drive and thrills of the narrative. He must look beyond the portrait of an unusual and fascinating character. Only then will the panorama of our troubled times and this case history of Canaris become a key to a better understanding of our future tasks.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
TENDER TO DANGER *Eliot Reed* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Naive Scots medico gets into international jam in Brussels and London; cops of assorted countries untangle it (he helps some).	Conventional man-makes-maid angle tossed in; hero doesn't tell all.	Routine
GRAVE CONSEQUENCES *Marten Cumberland* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Wealthy parfumeur-bibliophile is slain in Paris mansion; Commissaire Saturnin Dax pounds boulevards and quais to much avail.	Blood - sweat - and - bunions technique effective, but tends to weary reader along with gendarmerie.	Plodding
THE CHRISTMAS CARD MURDERS *David William Meredith* (Knopf: $2.50)	Sundry residents of N. J. village get Yule cards threatening pre-New Year's demises. Promise fulfilled in part. Inspector Ezra Adams *et al.* use beans.	Interfamily relationships deftly handled; personnel plausible; atmosphere pleasantly managed.	Agreeable

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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On the Record

A Personal Choice by Edward Tatnall Canby

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER RECORD NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT

MODERN—SOME NEW NAMES AND OLD

The Independent American!
JOHN CAGE: SONATAS AND INTERLUDES FOR PREPARED PIANO (1946-48).
Maro Ajemian.
Dial 19 (2)

▶ One admires the persistence which turns a somewhat childish tinkering with the piano's insides into a System. Cage, inserting bolts, rubber, screws, achieves gamelon-like tones. Elaborate charts, to prepare *any* piano, plus unremitting composition—and we have sixteen little "sonatas," exotic, atmospheric, with intricate rhythms, some static development of theme-clusters, mostly just intriguing sound patterns. Monotonous tonality due to few remaining "pure" pitches among thumps and jangles! Significant if super-eccentric.

HENRY COWELL: PIANO MUSIC. Played by the composer.
Circle L-51-101
With 7" LP of composer's commentary included.

▶ Cowell, of an earlier, simpler generation, "prepared" himself, not piano; his music, of an Ives-McDowell persuasion, uses elbow-played, nose-assisted tone clusters, hands across the strings, etc., but beneath these radical (1912-24) devices are the simplest of little ditties, mostly tending to barbershop ballad-type harmony, rather naively blown up big. Typical product of our independent, pre-phono America. Mark Twain up to date! (But an important influence, even so.)

MARY HOWE: SUITE FOR STRING QUARTET AND PF.; "INTERLUDE BETW. TWO PIECES" (PF. AND FL.); "THREE PIECES AFTER EMILY DICKINSON." Chamber Arts Soc.
WCFM LP-9

▶ This lady composer, of the simpler generation of Cowell, writes mild, somewhat impressionistic music, well scored with fine sense of instrumental color, efficient but limited technique marred by some amateurishness. Suite is soft Brahms or Fauré, other works somewhat more modern voiced; none pretentious, nor very important.

LA MONTAINE: "SONATA FOR PIANO;" "CHILD'S PICTURE BOOK"; TOCCATA. John La Montaine, pf.
Dorian DR 332 (½)

▶ A hard, impetuous pianist's style, neo-Rachmaninoff with well-worked-out (but still studied) academic dissonance, marks this sonata; not a mature work nor truly expressive. Children's music, much simpler, is more human, better writing. La M., young, must work away from his own too-brilliant pianism to compose well.

NORTH: "A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE." Music from the film sound track.
Capitol L-289 (10")

▶ This product of glib and technically proficient Hollywood explores most current conventions of film-music expression, jazz blues to impressionism and violent dissonance, manages to make points as pure music, episodically—though hardly "excitingly different," as acclaimed by record executives. Superbly played and recorded hi-fi, will delight many.

HANSON: PIANO CONCERTO IN G, OP. 36 (1948). R. Firkusny; Eastman-Rochester Symphony, Hanson.
Columbia ML 4403 (½)
With Grieg: "Holberg Suite."

▶ Basing his music on unrepentant big-time romanticism, Hanson has moved here into unmistakable twentieth-century tautness and complexity, notably in piano part (though Rachmaninoff did it too). The usual cardinal-sin of such music—this is far too long, too involved, too facilely virtuoso for its content.

German Novelties
WERNER EGK: "FRENCH SUITE." Leipsig Gewandhaus Orch., Egk. "GEIGENMUSIK." Radio Berlin Symphony, Egk.
Urania URLP 7022

▶ Opposite extreme from the old-style American know-nothing individualism above! A German craftsman, handling largest orchestra, complex semi-dissonant language, big forms, with slick ease, not much profundity. "French Suite," based on Rameau (barely identifiable), is clean, modern, easy to hear, Teutonically over-orchestrated, never heavy. "Geigenmusik," violin concerto, is clumsily high spirited, grossly over-orchestrated. Nice slow mvt., but last is just decayed Strauss.

HARTMANN: SYMPHONY #4 FOR STRINGS. INR Sym. of Brussels, André.
Capitol L 289 (10")

▶ A more serious, introspective German craftsman here; two drawn-out slow mvts., a rough scherzo, the melodic line slightly Hindemith, the structure episodic, rhapsodizing darkly, mood betw. Sibelius and Shostakovitch. Highly expressive music and effective in the listening.

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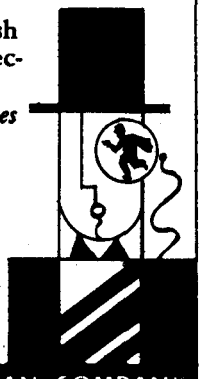

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 933

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS

A. Begins by degrees (2 wds.).

B. A detective in "The Ticket-of-Leave-Man," by Tom Taylor, 1863.

C. Meadow on the Thames, England, associated with the signing of Magna Charta, 1215.

D. A certain wild goat of the Old World.

E. Husk of oats after threshing (Eng. dial.).

F. First name, American journalist and politician, a power in Whig, later Republican, Parties, New York State.

G. African wading bird allied to stork and heron (var. sp.).

H. A fixed term of play in the game of poker (2 wds.).

I. A hasty, impetuous person.

J. That may be exacted.

K. French humorist and satirist ("Pantagruel").

L. Character in "Pericles" by Shakespeare.

M. Office of the Pope, as continuing the functions of St. Peter.

WORDS

81 135 148 15 165 133 107

119 28 110 2 167 159 143 171

27 9 61 134 175 97 115 54 18

90 185 106 53

141 163 40 67 118

41 103 127 37 169 55 179

57 6 24 157 104 39 66 188

29 98 35 152 139 3 62

138 60 158 173 22 88 145

43 23 1 89 70 186 32 153

128 147 112 33 21 120 86 51

146 7 142 132 87 180 8 42 25 168

F X C A I H E D Q A
166 105 109 16 172 95 114 68 102 36

DEFINITIONS

N. Chinese gambling game, resembling the English newmarket.

O. Any of several larval salamanders, genus Ambystoma, found in mountain lakes of Mexico and Western U. S.

P. Capable of being diminished in bulk or extent.

Q. In games, a zero (2 wds.; slang).

R. Impression (Italian music term).

S. Speaks as if spitting out words, hastily and indistinctly.

T. Straightforward.

U. Novel by Swinnerton, 1917.

V. City in Virginia at mouth of James River, with shipbuilding plant, etc.

W. Mystic.

X. A game of snapping disks into a cup or basket.

WORDS

136 92 117 108 130 78

116 125 156 48 160 151 74

A B L F
82 49 31 14 59 144 113 187 52

t O U 4 F F 6 6
129 176 4 101 72 174 162 44

149 69 73 100 26 93 184

121 20 177 34 47 65 10 150

111 63 131 181 12 79 183 122

71 75 13 140 161 19 91 84

96 45 137 154 170 50 178 56 124 76 80

83 17 155 126 58 94 64

164 77 85 182 11 123 5 30 46 99 38

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in, you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

							1 J		2 B	3 H	4 Q	5 X		6 G	7 L		8 L	9 C
10 S	11 X	12 T	13 U	14 P	15 A	16 M		17 W	18 C	19 U	20 S	21 K	22 I	23 J		24 G
25 L	26 R		27 C	28 B	29 H	30 X	31 P		32 J	33 K	34 S	35 H	36 M	37 F	38 X	
39 G	40 E		41 F	42 L	43 J		44 Q	45 V	46 X	47 S	48 O	49 P	50 V		51 K	52 P
53 D		54 C	55 F		56 V	57 G	58 W		59 P	60 I	61 C	62 H	63 T	64 W	65 S	
66 G	67 E		68 M		69 R	70 J	71 U	72 Q		73 R	74 O	75 U	76 V	77 X	78 N	79 T
	80 V	81 A	82 P	83 W	84 U	85 X		86 K	87 L	88 I	89 J	90 D	91 U	92 N	93 R	94 W
95 M	96 V		97 C	98 H	99 X	100 R	101 Q		102 M	103 F	104 G		105 M	106 D	107 A	
108 N	109 M		110 B	111 T	112 K	113 P	114 M	115 C		116 O	117 N	118 E		119 B	120 K	121 S
122 T	123 X		124 V	125 O	126 W	127 F	128 K	129 Q	130 N	131 T	132 L	133 A	134 C		135 A	136 N
	137 V	138 I	139 H	140 U	141 E		142 L	143 B	144 P	145 I		146 L	147 K	148 A	149 R	150 S
	151 O	152 H	153 J		154 V	155 W	156 O	157 G		158 I	159 B	160 O	161 U	162 Q	163 E	164 X
165 A		166 M	167 B		168 L	169 F	170 V	171 B		172 M	173 I	174 Q	175 C		176 Q	177 S
178 V	179 F	180 L	181 T	182 X		183 T	184 R	185 D	186 J	187 P	188 G					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 31 of this issue.

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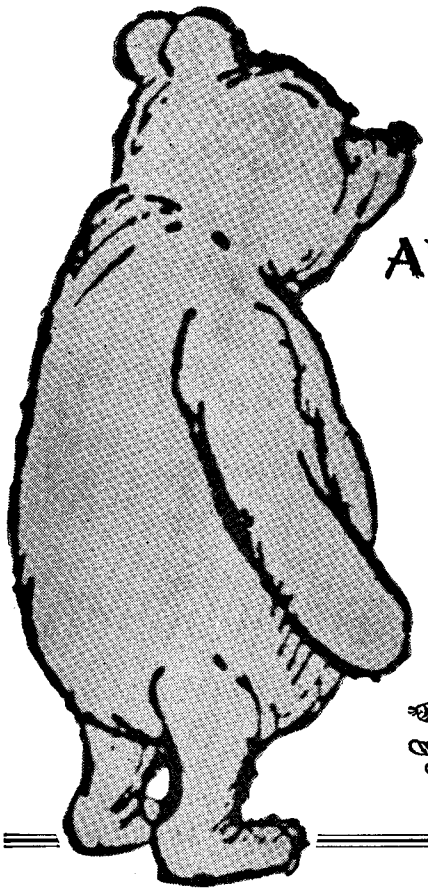
A SPESHUL* INVITATION

*Pooh talk for *It Doesn't Happen Every Day*



TO MEET AND KNOW *Pooh* AND HIS FRIENDS

Christopher Robin...

I often wish I were a King
And then I could do anything.
If only I were King of Spain,
I'd take my hat off in the rain.
I think, if I were King of Greece,
I'd push things off the mantelpiece.

Kanga...

Christopher Robin said that a Kanga was Generally Regarded as One of the Fiercer Animals. But when Pooh, Rabbit and Piglet kidnapped her Baby Roo, Kanga failed to live up to her reputation.

...and, of course, Piglet...

He had often wished, on long walks, that he were a bird. But now, as he rode in Kanga's pouch, he could only think jerkily: "If this is really shall I never take to flying it."

Tigger...

Whatever his weight in pounds,
shillings, and ounces,
He always seems bigger because
of his bounces.

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